

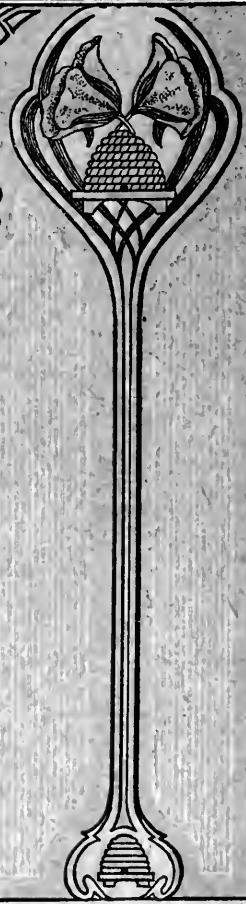
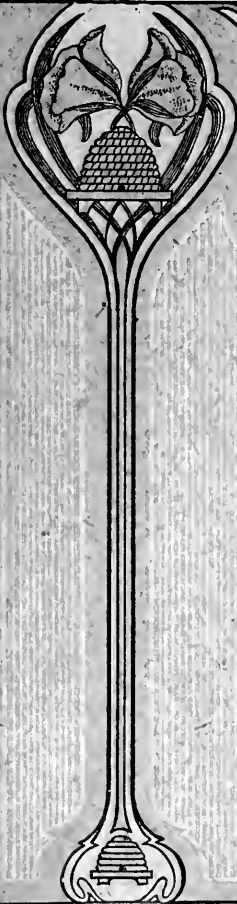
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Improvement Era

Vol. XXII

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 2



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement
Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah

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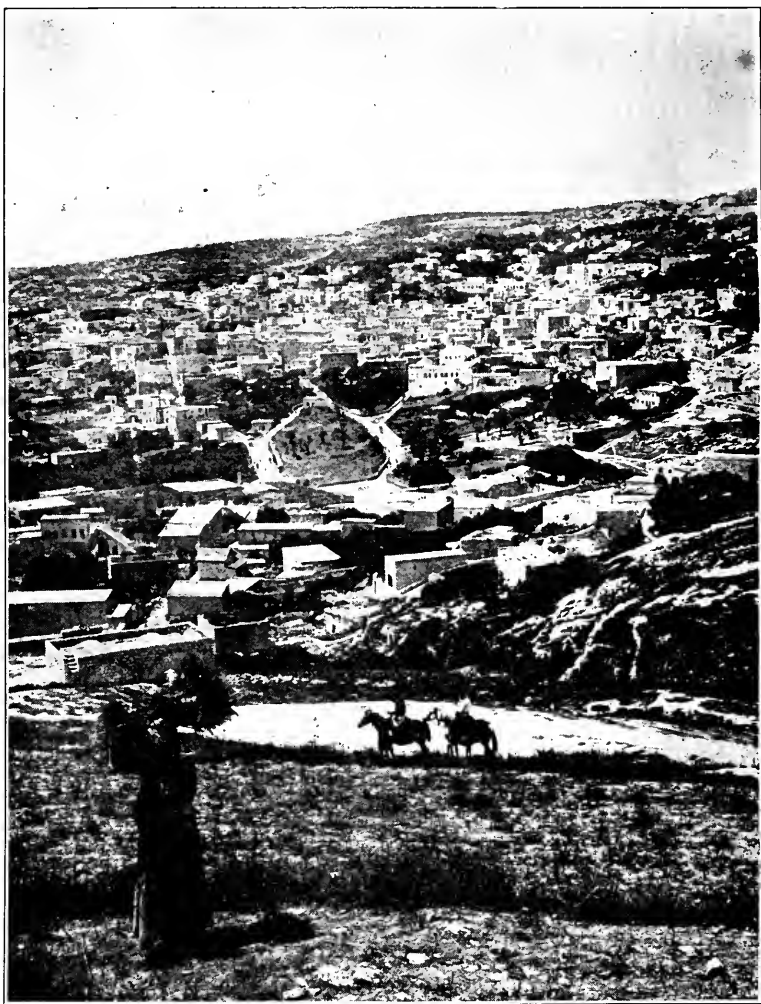


DOING THEIR "BIT" IN AN IDAHO FIELD

Were the weaker sex, the daughters of Eve, included in the curse which was pronounced upon Adam? "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And so the joyance of the primal garden was exchanged for the labors of the outer world. Man the provider, woman the mistress of the home: that, it seems, was intended to be the law. But circumstances alter cases. In France, England, Belgium, in Germany, women till the soil. Here we see a result in our own land. Is labor a "curse"? "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." "In sorrow shalt thou eat." Yes, but labor may still be a blessing. In cloudless azure the sky arches over this Western field, the mellowed sunlight sparkles upon the ripened product of the earth, the children play while the mothers load the wain. The soil, labor, harvest! This is a scene of peace, yet speaks of war. The women are doing the work of men, but many indeed are the men who are "Over There."

A. L.





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NAZARETH

"And the multitude said: This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."

General Allenby, in command of the British forces in Palestine, has virtually wiped out the Turkish army operating between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. Nazareth, the home of our Lord Jesus Christ for eight and twenty years, is now occupied by the British.

Jesus may thus look down from the hills to behold the heathen Turk driven out of the Holy Land, by the soldiers of a Christian nation.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXII

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 2

Sayings, Sentiments and Stories

Selected from the Sermons of the October General Conference
of the Church

The wonderful annual and semi-annual gatherings of the Saints exercise a most remarkable influence upon the religious, social and educational ideas of the community. At the October conference, forty-one speakers delivered forty-six sermons. These sermons, by the general as well as the local authorities, direct from the practical field at home and abroad, were full of wise counsel, rebukes and admonitions, warnings and pleadings, doctrine, historical references, testimonies of healings, and manifestations of God's goodness and mercy, declarations of loyalty to God and Country, and a full exposition of the current history of the Church, as well as sound and sensible directions for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people. The *Era* presents, in this number, pithy extracts from some of these sermons, and promises more to come in numbers to follow:

OUR DUTY IN WARNING AND HELPING TO WARN

President Anthon H. Lund

This duty of informing the world concerning our belief and warning them of what is coming, rests upon the Latter-day Saints. If you read the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel, you can see what the Lord says against those who are watchmen and not performing their duties. If the people are warned and do not heed the warning, the Lord says their blood will be upon themselves, but if they are not warned and the watchman has been careless in failing to give them the warning, the blood will be on his skirts. Now, we elders of Israel do not want to incur any blame or punishment because of neglect of duties in regard to informing the world. We cannot send our young men. We will be obliged therefore to call on our experienced elders, many of whom have performed excellent missions before. When we ask them to go today we find in some cases that their circumstances

are such that they cannot go. But we have a great many who have not been on missions, and perhaps are not suitable for missionary life, but who could do their duty by helping some of these able and experienced men to go and preach the gospel. It would not cost much; it is a good way of using the mammon of unrighteousness to make friends for us hereafter, as alluded to by Jesus. Why, in early days of the Church when we sent men out as missionaries, they went without purse or scrip. I remember two elders who were sent to a large city in Norway; one was a good speaker, the other was not much of a speaker, but he was a good tailor. He took work and he supported his fellow missionary, and they laid the foundation of a splendid branch, and so wherever the elders were sent they were willing to work for the furtherance of the cause, they would labor with their hands and give all they made to help in this work. However, we do not go so far as this at home. Many of our brethren who have been blessed temporally would feel more blessed if they would use some of their means to have a good elder go on a mission and labor where we are under the necessity of sending missionaries.

MISSION OF THE CHURCH AND DUTY OF THE SEVENTIES

President Charles W. Penrose

We should understand that we are called of God to be servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, to follow in his footsteps as far as we are able to do so; that we should embody his character, that we should observe the law of obedience to God as he observed it; understand that we came here not to do our own will unless it be like God's will, in conformity therewith, in harmony with him and his purposes; that we came here for this purpose, to learn the ways of God and to walk in the path that he marks out for us. And the Church is organized to that end, to carry and to send forth the gospel of Jesus Christ, the gospel of salvation, to all peoples upon the face of the earth, to every country, to the islands of the sea, the continents, and every part of this globe where there are people dwelling. This is our mission, and those of us who cannot go there should do everything in our power with all our hearts to send the gospel there; and, as President Lund has intimated to us this morning, when able men, men who are able to carry this gospel and to preach it in plainness, by authority and in the power of God, are not able financially to perform this duty, they should be aided by their brethren and sisters at home. We have proven how easy it is comparatively to raise funds for different purposes, worthy purposes. Israel has responded to the call of the Nation. This is right, part of our duty, but it just shows to us what we can do when we get the spirit of a work; and there are means enough

that can be raised from the ranks of Israel to send just as many elders as we are able to send in these times at any rate, abroad in the world and sustain them or sustain their families at home while they are away.

I might say that this work ought to, in my opinion, devolve largely upon the different quorums of seventies in the Church. This is a wonderful organization in every respect, and the seventies, those elders who are called to compose quorums of seventies, elders presided over each one by seven of its number, should have it in their hearts to send this gospel to the ends of the earth. That is what they are for; that is their special calling. Every elder has received authority from God to hold the Melchizedek Priesthood and to be a minister of the Most High, whether he be a standing minister in the stakes of Zion or is sent forth by proper authority to different parts in the world; but especially the seventies in the Church are called and appointed and ordained to preach the gospel to the ends of the earth under the direction of the Twelve Apostles.

This is part of the system to which we belong. What a beautiful system it is! Provision made in it for carrying the gospel abroad and for preaching to the people at home, and for setting in order the people in all the different parts of Zion; and for the establishment of the purposes of the Almighty, all in perfect order. If you would all keep in the order that is appointed by revelation from on high, there would be no trouble among us, all the powers and authorities vested in different callings in the Church, but all would work in perfect harmony, and it does to a very large extent. We only have a little ripple now and then from persons who are either not fully informed or become ambitious, wish to step out of their place and do that for which they have not been appointed.

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION

President Heber J. Grant

From October, 1882, when I was called to be one of the council of the Twelve, until the following February, I had but little joy and happiness in my labors. There was a spirit following me that told me that I lacked the experience, that I lacked the inspiration, that I lacked the testimony to be worthy of the position of an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. My dear mother had inspired me with such a love of the gospel and with such a reverence and admiration for the men who stood at the head of this Church, that when I was called to be one of them I was overpowered; I felt my unworthiness and the adversary taking advantage of that feeling in my heart, day and night, the spirit pursued me, suggesting that I resign, and when I testified

of the divinity of the work we are engaged in, the words would come back, "You haven't seen the Savior; you have no right to bear such a testimony," and I was very unhappy.

But in February, 1883, while riding along on the Navajo Indian Reservation with Elder Brigham Young, Jr., and fifteen or twenty other brethren, including the late president, Lot Smith, of one of the Arizona stakes, on our way to visit the Navajos and Moquis—as we were traveling that day, going through a part of the Navajo Reservation to get to the Moqui Reservation—as we were traveling to the southeast, suddenly the road turned and veered almost to the northeast, but there was a path, a trail, leading on in the direction in which we had been traveling. There were perhaps eight or ten of us on horseback and the rest in wagons. Brother Smith and I were at the rear of our company. When we came to the trail I said, "Wait a minute, Lot; where does this trail lead to?"

He said, "Oh, it leads back into the road three or four miles over here, but we have to make a detour of eight or nine miles to avoid a large gully that no wagons can cross."

I asked: "Can a horseman get over that gully?"

He answered, "Yes."

I said, "Any danger from Indians, by being out there alone?"

He answered, "No."

I said, "I want to be alone, so you go on with the company and I will meet you over there where the trail and road join."

One reason that I asked if there was any danger was because a few days before our company had visited the spot where George A. Smith, Jr., had been killed by the Navajo Indians, and I had that event in my mind at the time I was speaking. I had perhaps gone one mile when in the kind providences of the Lord it was manifested to me perfectly so far as my intelligence is concerned—I did not see heaven, I did not see a council held there, but like Lehi of old, I seemed to see, and my very being was so saturated with the information that I received, as I stopped my animal and sat there and communed with heaven, that I am as absolutely convinced of the information that came to me upon that occasion as though the voice of God had spoken the words to me.

It was manifested to me there and then as I sat there and wept for joy that it was not because of any particular intelligence that I possessed, that it was not because of any knowledge that I possessed more than a testimony of the gospel, that it was not because of my wisdom, that I had been called to be one of the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in this last dispensation, but it was because the prophet of God, the man who was the chosen instrument in the hands of the living God of establishing

again upon the earth the plan of life and salvation, Joseph Smith, desired that I be called, and that my father, Jedediah M. Grant, who gave his life for the gospel, while one of the presidency of the Church, a counselor to President Brigham Young, and who had been dead for nearly twenty-six years, desired that his son should be a member of the Council of the Twelve. It was manifested to me that the prophet and my father were able to bestow upon me the apostleship because of their faithfulness, inasmuch as I had lived a clean life, that now it remained for me to make a success or a failure of that calling. I can bear witness to you here today that I do not believe that any man on earth from that day, February, 1883, until now, thirty-five years ago, has had sweeter joy, more perfect and exquisite happiness than I have had in lifting up my voice and testifying of the gospel at home and abroad in every land and in every clime where it has fallen to my lot to go.

A HEALING AND A CONVERSION

Elder Charles A. Callis, of the Southern States Mission

In the missions the gospel is growing by leaps and by bounds. During the past six months we have witnessed miraculous and sudden conversions to the truth. There was an apostle in the Southern States mission about two years ago; and a woman who was afflicted with the dread malady of pellagra in a state pronounced incurable, asked to be administered to. She was administered to by this servant of the Lord. Eighteen months later this woman came to me. I did not recognize her, there was such a marked improvement in her condition. "Why," she said, "I am the one whom you and Brother — administered to, and I am healed. The power of God hath healed me."

Again, this same apostle, in bidding adieu to the Saints in one of our branches, when shaking hands with a good, faithful sister, whose husband was not in the Church, and we had well nigh given up hopes of him ever coming into the Church, said: "Sister, I promise you that the desires of your heart shall be realized, and your husband will come into the Church." Imagine my deep pleasure, for the poor wife had almost despaired of seeing this promise realized—she kept it sacred, told no one about it—when the day came only a few weeks ago that her husband experienced a change of heart. It was miraculous. God's power touched his heart, and he came to me and said: "Brother Callis, I want to be baptized," and we all joined in shedding tears of joy with that devoted and faithful wife who had experienced the fulfilment of this inspired promise.

I know the gospel is true. I bear testimony to it in humility, and in deep gratitude, and with the fervent desire that

I may ever conduct myself so that I shall be worthy of this testimony abiding in me.

THE MISSION OF AMERICA

Elder Orson F. Whitney

Whatever men may think or say, this is our position. In the everlasting gospel and in the powers of the eternal Priesthood, restored to earth through the instrumentality of a Prophet of God, in this the final dispensation of gospel grace, are those "spiritual agencies which prevent corruption and decay," "institutions and ideas to expand the mind and elevate the soul," forces and powers which can alone save this nation and "save the world."

The Latter-day Saints believe Columbus was inspired to discover this land in order that a free nation, dedicated to the maintenance and preservation of the rights of man, including his right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, might arise here; a nation founded upon the proposition that all men have equal rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—a doctrine diametrically opposed to the old autocratic notions prevalent in European and oriental lands. And we further believe that this nation was established so that the great work of Israel's God might come forth under its protecting ægis, and not be crushed out by the tyranny of man; to the end that the gospel, "the power of God unto salvation," might be preached in all the world as a witness before the end comes; that the House of Israel might be gathered in from their long dispersion, that Zion might arise, and the glory of God rest upon her, and the world be prepared for the coming of the King of kings, the Lord Jesus Christ, in his glory. We believe this fervently. It is our message to the world.

America has fulfilled or is fulfilling her high and noble mission. True, there have been some abuses, things that were never contemplated by the founders of our nation, by the signers of the immortal Declaration, by the framers of the glorious Constitution. Men have been persecuted under the Stars and Stripes for their religious convictions. But it was not the Constitution that did it; it was not the Declaration, not the Flag, that was responsible. These things occurred, not because of the Constitution, but in spite of it, and because the laws were not enforced for the protection of the weak against the strong. Yet we do not hold this against our Government. We are willing to let bygones be bygones. America is fulfilling her mission despite such lapses; for she has fostered and in a sense brought

forth the Church of God, which represents the lifting of the ensign for the gathering of scattered Israel. Under her protecting shield "the little stone" has come forth that is destined to become "a mountain" and fill the whole earth.

And we stand by our Country, we are glad and proud to see her continuing the noble work that God has placed upon her. Even as Joseph of old, liberated from prison and exalted to a throne, ministered to his brethren who had hated him and cast him out and sold him into slavery, so this Land of Joseph, lifted up on high, enthroned in beauty and power and glory, is now ministering to the needy nations who come bending to her for food, for succor, for assistance. America, rediscovering herself, forgiving the past and magnanimously returning good for evil, has even crossed the ocean with her armies and navies and is sending her sons to the front to help the nations of Europe, the democracies of the Old World, fight the battle of freedom and equal rights. And I thank God, for one, that our boys have the privilege of participating in this glorious strife. They are pre-eminently the sons of liberty, for the gospel covenant in which they were begotten and born, is liberty's perfect law, and it is most fitting and appropriate that they should play their part in the great and mighty drama that is fated to spread the principles of human freedom and clear the way for the carrying of the message of salvation into every nook and corner of the world.

God bless our Country! God bless America in her heaven-appointed task of succoring the needy nations, of guarding the ark of liberty, keeping alive the fires of freedom, and maintaining the rights of man!

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUTH OF ZION

Elder David O. McKay

I desire to say something regarding the significant prophecy in I Nephi 19:13-18, with a view to reaching the young men and the young women of Israel that they might do two things, the first of which is to stop amidst their pleasures, and pause in the midst of the rush of this Twentieth Century and think—think of the significance and mission of the Church of Jesus Christ; to try to realize even in a slight degree, the significance of the world changes that are now taking place, and measure them by the standard of righteousness as taught by their parents and the authorities of the Church.

Boys, now is the time to think, to pray, and to search, as we have never searched before, for the everlasting truth; to realize while we are young that God's hand is over the destinies of the world, that he is shaping the destinies of nations. Benjamin

Franklin once said, "The longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of man; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, how is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"

I believe that the providence of God is shaping and will shape the destiny of the nations now in the grip of the worst war known to history.

Under the storm and the cloud to-day,
And today the hard peril and pain,
Tomorrow the stone shall be rolled away,
For the sunshine shall follow the rain.
Merciful Father, I will not complain,
I know that the sunshine shall follow the rain.

* * * *

God's providence will bring out of this great conflict blessings to humanity of which they scarcely dream. But in order that they might have them and acknowledge them, there is a responsibility upon the peoples of the earth. Liberty is offered them; and the perfect law of liberty, the gospel of Jesus Christ, is offered them. In this day, the greatest in the world's history, a day toward which prophets looked with longing hearts, you and I are witnesses of the fulfilment, at least in part, of God's promises. You and I, then, have the responsibility, if there is anything at all in the testimony we bear, of giving to the people, not only to the Jews, but to the world, the gospel, the perfect law of liberty.

What is our responsibility? I said there were two things I would like to have the boys think of. One I have mentioned; viz., To read the signs of the times and see if they cannot discern the existence and providence of an allwise Creator. As soon as they feel that truth in their hearts, and know it, oh, how distasteful will sin become to them! What was the other? That they might realize that *they must set an example of purity and chastity to the world*. I mention this because it is the crying need of the world today. In this the boys and girls of Zion must lead or the world will ask you, when you claim that this is the gospel, the perfect law of freedom—"what are the fruits of it? What are the fruits?"

Oh, how my heart warmed yesterday, with yours, when we listened to President Smith say: "For seventy years I have devoted my life to this work." I have heard him say that what he is, he is because of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That gospel which can make a man of strength, a man of character, a man of God, such as I bear testimony to you President Smith is, has in it the redeeming power for the salvation of mankind. But the foundation of growth in this Church is purity, with faith in God. I am glad that our nation is in part fulfilling its mission in send-

ing out with the boys the message of purity, telling them that though they are soldiers, they cannot violate with impunity the principle of chastity.

Illustrative of this, I read in *The Nurse and the Knight*, a little book sent by Corporal Wendell Whitney to his father, Elder Orson F. Whitney, a letter from a Red Cross nurse, in which, in substance, in one place she said:

"First I was in Paris, where the wounded came to have their wounds dressed. I saw them wash their wounds and they were clean. The boys seemed to be happy, and looked with pride and honor upon the wounds they had received in a righteous cause.

"Later I was placed in an emergency hospital near the battle line. There some worse cases came, but they too were proud.

"Then later I went to the base hospital, part of the trenches, and there I saw men with their bodies mangled; I saw in one case some German prisoners with their legs blown off, but they had their hearts, they had their minds and their souls, and they could still live and love and think. It was not the worst thing I had seen.

"Then there came some from Verdun, where the liquid fire had been blown into their faces. They were scarred and blind. Oh, it was worse than death. Death seemed sweet to those others, and this was worse, but it was not the worst thing I saw.

"I saw men who were standing there by the big guns that were placed up by the French to withstand the German great guns that were blowing off the hills of Verdun. When they were brought back they were mad. But that was not the worst thing I saw.

"When with a Red Cross nurse, whose name you have seen in the papers, we passed a certain hospital there in Paris, she said, 'I can stand everything else in this war but that.' 'Why, what is it?' 'Don't you know?' 'Why, no.' 'Haven't you nursed in there?' 'No.' 'Then thank God you have not had to nurse there. *Those are the boys who could fight for their country, but who could not fight for themselves.* The soldiers whom you have nursed with their bodies clean, if they died they died in honor. If they lived they lived in honor; but those boys in there, with the poison of sin in their blood, die in loathsome horror. If they live they live to be a sorrow and a curse to those who trust and love them."

Oh, boys of Zion, can't you see what the nations need? Will you set an example? God help us to tell them that the hour of his judgment is come. God has spoken. The day of Israel is here, and the coming of the Son of Man is not far off. How many years it matters not. It is near by. We must do our part and prepare for it.

SPURIOUS REVELATIONS AND VISIONS

Elder Joseph F. Smith, Jr.

There is a lying spirit abroad in the land. In my travels in the stakes of Zion, my attention has been called, on a number of occasions, to a purported revelation or vision or manifestation, whatever it may be called, supposed to have been received by President Smith some time in the distant past, in regard to events of great importance dealing with the nations of the earth and the Latter-day Saints. Many things in that purported vision, or revelation, are absurd. My attention has been called to this thing, and good brethren and good sisters have inquired of me to know whether or not there was any truth in that which had come to their attention. It is in printed form; and I have been under the necessity of telling them that there was no truth in it.

Then, in other places I have discovered that people have copies of a purported vision by the Prophet Joseph Smith, given in Nauvoo, and some people are circulating this supposed vision, or revelation, or conversation which the prophet is reported to have held with a number of individuals in the city of Nauvoo.

I want to say to you, my brethren and sisters, that if you understand the Church articles and covenants, if you will read the Scriptures and become familiar with those things which are recorded in the revelations from the Lord, it will not be necessary for you to ask any questions in regard to the authenticity or otherwise of any purported revelation, vision, or manifestation that proceeds out of darkness, concocted in some corner, surreptitiously presented, and not coming through the proper channels of the Church. Let me add that when a revelation comes for the guidance of this people, you may be sure that it will not be presented in some mysterious manner contrary to the order of the Church. It will go forth in such form that the people will understand that it comes from those who are in authority, for it will be sent either to the presidents of stakes and the bishops of the wards over the signatures of the presiding authorities, or it will be published in some of the regular papers or magazines under the control and direction of the Church, or it will be presented before such a gathering as this, at a general conference. It will not spring up in some distant part of the Church and be in the hands of some obscure individual without authority, and thus be circulated among the Latter-day Saints. Now, you may remember this.

Again, here is another thought I desire to call your attention to. Not very long ago a good sister, I suppose a good sister,

one who means well, placed into my hands a purported vision, or revelation, which she claims she received, dealing with matters pertaining to the welfare of the people. Now, the Lord is not going to give unto any woman in this Church a revelation for the Church. He is not going to give unto any man in this Church, other than the one who is properly appointed, a revelation for the guidance of the Church, for everything will be done in order. When you find good sisters, or otherwise, and brethren, circulating revelations or manifestations which they themselves have received, you put it down that it is contrary to the law and the order of the Church and the doctrine the Lord has revealed. (Read Doc. and Cov. 43:1-9.)

Now I maintain that there is no occasion for any member of this Church to have a doubt in his mind regarding matters of revelation as coming for the guidance of the Church, because when such things come they will come in the proper channels and be presented by those who are ordained to this calling, and who are known to the Church. Therefore, when you hear these rumors, you put it down that they are false, and it is absolutely unnecessary for you to ask the question of anyone, because you ought to know by the inspiration you have yourselves whether or not they are true.

Now, just one more thought. I realize this, when the brethren, the authorities of the Church, the elders of Israel, speak unto the people, and they have the Spirit of the Lord, they speak by inspiration, and, as we read in Section 1 of the Doctrine and Covenants, when they so speak, that which they say is scripture, and the Lord will recognize it as such, and it is binding upon the people when they so speak as if he himself spoke unto them; but when they speak unto the people by inspiration, as they do from time to time, it will be in order and according to the doctrines and the revelations which have been given to the Church, so that all who hear may understand.

If we will hearken unto the words of the Lord and search for ourselves and obtain knowledge from the Book of Mormon, the Bible, the Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price, and from instructions given us from time to time by the authorities of the Church, and seek to do the will of the Lord, remembering our prayers and our covenants before him, we will not go astray.

President Joseph F. Smith

Again I feel that it is an opportunity for me to say a few words. This wonderful, mysterious revelation that I have been said to have received a great many years ago, was given in French, and I never knew but two or three words in French in

my life; consequently, I could not have been the originator of that revelation. I want you to understand that. I have denied it, I suppose, a hundred times, when I have been inquired of about it. It was gotten up by some mysterious person who undertook to create a sensation and lay the responsibility upon me. I am not guilty. When the Lord reveals something to me, I will consider the matter with my brethren, and when it becomes proper, I will let it be known to the people, and not otherwise.

The ridiculous story about the "red horse," and "the black horse," and "the white horse," and a lot of trash that has been circulated about and printed and sent around as a great revelation given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, is a matter that was gotten up, I understand, some ten years after the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by two of our brethren who put together some broken sentences from the Prophet that they may have heard from time to time, and formulated this so-called revelation out of it, and it was never spoken by the prophet in the manner in which they have put it forth. It is simply false; that is all there is to it.

In 1858, I had the privilege of traveling through California with Charles Wesley Wandell, a former member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and at that time also a member of the Church. He told me himself, in the presence of witnesses, that he wrote the document himself on which the organization of J. J. Strang was founded, and he was never so surprised as when he found that J. J. Strang accepted his vagaries for a revelation from God, and he had only laughed at it and repented of it ever since.

Now, these stories of revelations that are being circulated around are of no consequence except for rumor and silly talk by persons that have no authority. The fact of the matter is simply here and this. No man can enter into God's rest unless he will absorb the truth in so far that all error, all falsehood, all misunderstandings and mis-statements he will be able to sift thoroughly and dissolve, and know that it is error and not truth. When you know God's truth, when you enter into God's rest, you will not be hunting after revelations from Tom, Dick and Harry all over the world. You will not be following the will-of-the-wisps of the vagaries of men and women who advance nonsense and their own ideas. When you know the truth you will abide in the truth, and the truth will make you free, and it is only the truth that will free you from the errors of men, and from the falsehood and misrepresentations of the evil one who lies in wait to deceive and to mislead the people of God from the paths of righteousness and truth.

Wilbur's Christmas Gift

By Elsie C. Carroll

Walter Wilbur's hand shook a little as it knocked upon the door labeled "President's Office," but the young man squared his shoulders resolutely as he waited for a summons to enter. It was an hour after quitting time, and the second floor offices of the big munition factory were empty. Down below, the night shift was just commencing, and the hum from the great machines floated up to his ears.

The young man's mind was far from his surroundings, however, and his smooth brow was drawn into anxious little puckers, while his keen, gray eyes shifted restlessly from the window overlooking the autumn splendor of San Madras Gorge, to the inscription upon the door before him. Now and then he flung back with an impatient gesture the lock of dark hair which persisted in tumbling down over his forehead, and the thumb and finger of his right hand toyed nervously with the third button of his coat.

Wilbur knew that President Harrison disliked being disturbed when he was in his private office, but he had determined to have the question settled before another day. Anything else might have waited, but he could not bear the thought of another night of suspense such as the last one. And so much depended upon the coming interview—O, if only he might hope! His life's happiness was at stake—and Nettie's.

When the chief's well-known "Come in" echoed through the outer rooms, Wilbur drew in a quick little breath and entered. He had never counted himself a coward before, but his knees trembled now.

Mr. Harrison was seated at his desk at the far end of the room. The steady scratch of his pen went on. Wilbur looked back at the half-open door. There was still time to retreat. Nothing had ever looked quite so formidable to him as the broad slightly stooped shoulders of the man who three years ago had befriended him. Beads of perspiration came out on his face. Only the thought of Nettie and his love for her kept up his courage. At length the swivel chair wheeled about.

"Well, sir?—Oh, it's you, Wilbur. Come in, come in. I was just wanting to see you." Wilbur's nerves relaxed a little at this genial greeting. He advanced and took the chair opposite Mr. Harrison. The chief went on,

"I've just received a big order for those latest army guns from the government. They want 500,000 from us by the first of the year. Do you know, I believe the United States is waking up at last to the fact that she may be forced into this war, and she's beginning to get prepared. Of course, I'd hate to see it come, as much as any one. Still I think we ought to be ready, and naturally I'm glad to get our share of the business. The order was telegraphed in only fifteen minutes ago. It means that likely all the other factories have had similar orders. We'll need a lot of materials and the immediate supply is bound to be a little short so soon after those big shipments to the Allies. You'd better get your orders in at once. Telegraph the Steel Works first. Take all Jenkins will let you have. Then get in orders for the other materials. I wouldn't put it off a minute. I'd have done it myself, but you know more about how much stuff we have on hand and how much we need than I do. And, Wilbur, tell Henderson for me as you go down, that positively no visitors must be admitted about the works. I suppose you saw an account of that explosion at the Garrick Factory over in Scranton. The country's full of German spies and plotters. We'll have to put some extra guards on at night, too. You might mention it to Young tonight, if you see him." The chair wheeled back to the desk and the pen began to scratch again.

Wilbur started toward the door as he was accustomed to do when he had received his orders. The orders were important, and he was always prompt to obey. He was almost glad his interview had been deferred. But he stopped. It could not be deferred. He must have it out now. He turned back, brushing the rebellious lock of hair from his eyes as he cleared his throat.

"Mr. Harrison—I—will you—I—may I speak to you a few moments this evening?" The president whirled and looked at him in surprise. He was unable to imagine what had come over Wilbur. During the first months the young man had been in his employ he had watched him carefully. It is natural that ex-convicts should be regarded with suspicion, perhaps. But that had been more than two years ago. Wilbur had come to be the most trusted man in the plant.

"Why, what did you want to speak to me about?" he asked wonderingly.

"It is about Net—your daughter." Then the young man's courage returned. The words tumbled out of his mouth rapidly. "I love Nettie, Mr. Harrison, and she loves me. I know I am not worthy of her, but I am more worthy than perhaps you think. I was not guilty of the crime for which I was sent to jail. If you will let me tell you the story, sir, I—"

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Harrison. "I believe you asked if you might speak to me about my daughter. There is absolutely

nothing for you to talk with me about her, and how have you dared to approach her in *any* way, much less insult her with an offer of your love?" The older man had risen and was towering above Wilbur, his face white with anger.

Some men would have cowered beneath such scorn and wrath, but the gray eyes of Walter Wilbur met the eyes above him unflinchingly.

"Nettie asked that she might be the first to tell you the story of our meeting. I will only say that I met her through a little crippled friend of mine whom she befriended. When I told her of my love I did not know she was your daughter. She believes I am an innocent man. You told me once you believed it. At any rate, *God* knows I am innocent. Haven't I suffered enough for another man's weakness? Must I give up everything in life for another's mistake?"

"You must at least give up all thought of my daughter. Granting you were not guilty of that crime, who are you to come courting *my* daughter? You are a man with a shadowed name. You are a jail-bird. Fool that I was to befriend you and make you prominent in my business. This is the way you reward me for all that I've done for you." James Harrison's face was now crimson with rage. His hands were clenched and he trembled from head to foot.

Wilbur's face had gone white. He stood perfectly still, looking his employer in the face, not with challenge or defiance, but with pain and disappointment. The lock of black hair hung unheeded over his forehead. Presently the older man broke out again:

"I am through with you. I had fooled myself into thinking you might be trusted, and you serve me with a treachery like this. You ask my daughter's hand! *You, a jailbird*. I suppose I should take it as a good joke and let it pass, but I warn you to get from my sight. I'm not in a joking humor."

He wheeled about and walked rapidly to a window. The lash of his words had cut deep into Wilbur's sensitive soul. For a moment he stood half-dazed where the other had left him, then he turned and slowly groped his way from the office. A half hour before, the world had at least been a place of hope and promise; now it was a dungeon of black despair.

As he stumbled half-blindly down the stairs he met Macky, the night foreman.

"Hello, Wilbur," the good-natured Irishman called. "I was just hunting you. Can you tell me when that shipment from Detroit will be in? And say, we'll need some more powder and lead soon."

"You'd better go and talk things over with Mr. Harrison, Macky," Wilbur answered, in a tone that made the foreman

look at him quizzically as he brushed past, out to the street.

"Why, the lad's sick," Macky muttered solicitously, as he turned back to his work.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. San Madras Gorge had lost some of its autumn splendor, but the weather was still mild enough to be pleasant, and here and there small splashes of crimson and gold could be seen among the dominating brown of the landscape.

Walter Wilbur made his way slowly up the trail leading to San Madras. As he reached the top of the gorge the first glimpse of the town showed him the towering smokestacks of the Harrison Munition Factory.

The sight naturally filled him with bitterness. Three months had passed since his discharge from the plant. During that time he had learned the crushing power with which one man, strong in wealth and influence, may push down another who is friendless and poor.

True to his word, James Harrison had warned all the factories against Wilbur and he had been unable to get permanent work. He had gone as far east as Farrington, thinking he could surely find something to do there in the Arlington factories, but he found that Mr. Harrison was as thorough in his work of hate as he was in the business which had made him famous. Wherever he applied, Wilbur was met by the same cruel rebuff:

"You're that jail-bird from Harrison's plant, aren't you? He says you're dangerous. Nothing doing here. The country's full of your kind, I guess, but a munition factory's no place for 'em.

Wilbur had been driven to any kind of work he could find, but even odd jobs were not plentiful. He had managed to earn enough to feed and clothe himself, but he had Wally to think of. To be sure Nettie had declared her intention of looking after the little fellow permanently, but perhaps her father had turned her even against Wally.

The young man's bitterness and despondency was not alone due to his failure to find work. It was keener because he had converted himself that Nettie's father had been right in his attitude toward their love. He was sure she had loved him, and it would always be a balm to his troubled life that she believed in him and was willing to share his name. But he could see now how selfish and blind he had been ever to think of allowing her to do so. He had reasoned that as long as he was innocent he was as good as any other man in the world, but there was that stigma of the penitentiary upon his name. He could never live it down! That was clear to him now, though he had been blind to the fact for a time. That he had suffered

unjustly for a friend was of a little consolation to him now. He could see exactly how it was with the world. It didn't matter at all what a man *really was*. All that mattered was what he was *thought to be*. Perhaps Mr. Harrison had even converted Nettie into the belief that he was a criminal and an imposter. At this thought Wilbur's heart grew still harder. He had never before come so near regretting the thing he had done for his chum. He almost hated George Chatwin's memory this afternoon. He wondered if he didn't even hate Wally.

No, he couldn't hate Wally. No one could do that. Besides it was Wally who had brought Nettie into his life. Even though she was lost to him now, the memory of her love would always be a precious treasure.

No; he could not hate Wally! It was to make sure that the little fellow was being cared for that he had come back to San Madras. He knew that if Nettie's assistance had been withdrawn the amount he had saved for the child would not last long. He had come to see Wally, then he would leave the west and go to New York perhaps, or some place and start all over again where it was not known that he was a "jail-bird."

It was a little after sundown when he reached the small home of Mrs. Ewell, the lady Nettie had hired to care for Wally when he had been able to leave the hospital. Mrs. Ewell met him at the door.

"Why, Mr. Wilbur! Whatever is the matter!" She was struck by the man's changed appearance. "Wally and I have been wondering why you didn't ever come any more." Wilbur had left San Madras immediately after his discharge without seeing anyone. "Miss Nettie has almost stopped coming, too," the good woman went on, little knowing how the mention of the girl's name hurt the listener. He wanted to ask when she was there last, and if there was any change in her, and if she asked about him, but he kept back these eager questions and asked for Wally.

"He has learned to walk with his crutches, Mr. Wilbur, and he's so anxious for you to see him! He goes down by the factory every evening to watch for you. That is where he is now. He's grieving his heart out that you don't come any more, and he's specially wanted to ask you to come to-morrow to see the Christmas tree Miss Nettie has promised to send him."

"I will go and find him," Wilbur said. His heart was beating with mingled emotions. He was overjoyed at the news that Wally could walk. He would always have Nettie to thank for that. The operation which had made it possible cost more than he could have saved for many years. He regretted the anxiety and disappointment he had caused his little friend. He should have seen Wally before his going away that night.

He went off with long, swinging strides towards the factory. As the big plant loomed before him in the distance of the gathering twilight, he thought bitterly of the man whose name it bore. Rebellion at the cruel injustice in the world burned within him, and for a moment he was conscious of a fiend-like desire to smash that great throbbing, humming structure to the ground. He felt that he would like to stand and exult over James Harrison there beside the ruins.

This unnatural meditation was interrupted by the sight of a halting little figure coming toward him in the path. Quickly his emotions changed. He gulped hard at the sight of Wally walking, and running forward he caught the frail little fellow in his arms.

"Wally, man! Wally!" he exclaimed joyously, and Wally's thin little arms held him tight.

"Uncle Walt, I been watchin' and watchin' for you. It seemed like all the men must a comed out o' the factory and I got so tired waitin'. I didn't want to go home without seein' you tonight, cause tomorrow's Christmas, an' I'm goin' t' have a tree, Miss Nettie says." The little fellow paused a moment and then went on. "When I got too tired waitin' I went over by the edge of the grove to sit down and rest. Then I was goin' back to the factory to watch again, but I got scared. Why don't you never come to see me, Uncle Walt?" The little fellow was looking searchingly into the man's changed face. "I asked Miss Nettie why you didn't, and she just bited her lips and said she didn't know."

"I've come to see you now, Wally, man. And to think you can walk! That's splendid!"

"Yes, and Doctor says in a year or two I can walk without crutches and can run and play with the boys. Won't that be fun? Oh, won't it, Uncle Walt?" Wilbur was still holding the child in his arms.

"Uncle Walt, let's go over in the grove where Miss Nettie used to wheel me, and we'd wait for you to come from the factory and then eat lunch and tell stories and play games." For a moment Wilbur hesitated. It seemed he could not bear the pain that memory-haunted spot would bring. It was in the little grove just east of the factory that he had first met Nettie. She had come in answer to the advertisement in which he had asked the help for little Wally he was unable to give. She had found the little cripple and had brought him out for an airing in his small wheel-chair. Wilbur had run across them as he was hurrying home from work. He did not know she was Mr. Harrison's daughter of whose arrival at San Madras he had read in the papers a few days before. He did not know this for many days. She had let him believe she was a nurse employed

by a wealthy lady who had read of his need for help and had become interested in the case. That is how he came to confide to her the whole story of Wally's pathetic little life.

He remembered how interested and sympathetic she had been and how her questions had drawn out details of his own connection with the story which he modestly would have withheld. Before they parted that afternoon, she knew all about that mistake Wally's father had made in borrowing without permission, money from the bank in which he and Wilbur worked. She knew, too, how urgent it had been that he should have the money for the girl-wife who was ill in the hospital waiting to be Wally's mother; she knew about the later critical time when it was thought that the little mother would not live to see her baby, and how George was called from the bank to go to her. She had somehow made him dwell on the lagging days of suspense, and his own fear that George's embezzlement would be discovered while Virginia was still ill. She had blinked hard to keep back her tears during his narration of the rest of the story: How the "borrowing" had been discovered, and to save George and Virginia he had managed to throw suspicion upon himself. George, of course, would release him as soon as Virgie was better. He told her about George's note of gratitude which was smuggled into his cell and how he had destroyed it for fear the truth would be found out too soon. Then there was the saddest part of the whole story, when George and Virgie returning home with their baby, were killed in a train accident and Wally was left a cripple.

He hurried over the rest of the story! How he had told the real facts about the "borrowing" only to be jeered at, and how he had befriended the orphaned child of his old pal as soon as he was released from prison; his struggle to find work and the subsequent kindness of Mr. Harrison in giving him a place in the factory. He explained how he realized that medical aid might do much for the child and of his inspiration to advertise for help since it would be a long time before he could afford the operation necessary.

He wondered after he had parted with the nurse how he had come to confide so much to a perfect stranger. But as the days passed and their acquaintance grew, he discovered that she had an intuitive sympathy and understanding which invited confidence.

A few weeks after their first meeting he became aware that he loved this girl with the serious brown eyes and sweet, tender lips, who came daily to care for his little charge.

Then had come that glorious day when he had discovered that his love was returned. He had come upon Wally and the nurse unexpectedly there in the grove. They were playing a

new game. As he approached, he heard Wally's little voice singing, "If I were Uncle Walter, Uncle Walter, Uncle Walter; If I were Uncle Walter now, what would you do?"

The setting sun was shining on the child's delicate profile and he looked like a fairy child there against the background of dark forest trees. There was something always strongly appealing about Wally, but especially so at that moment. The nurse must have felt it as much as Wilbur, for she caught him in her arms and covered his face with kisses.

Just then Wally had discovered Wilbur. The significance of the child's song in connection with her own action sent a crimson flood to the girl's face, and she was unable to control her emotions. For an instant only in that confusing moment her eyes were raised to Wilbur's but that glance was a divine revelation and created a new world for him.

That night he had confessed his love, only to find his new joy almost extinguished when he learned that she was not the mere nurse, Nettie Lawrence, he had supposed her to be, but was Doretta Lawrence Harrison, the only daughter of James L. Harrison, the president of the munition factory.

He had looked upon his case as hopeless in view of these facts, but Nettie had insisted that he speak to her father. She was sure that her father was a man capable of judging men, she had said, and she felt confident that he would not ruin the happiness of her life by refusing her the man she loved.

But the girl was not wholly acquainted with her father, as has been seen from the interview which took place that October evening three months past.

Wilbur was walking with Wally in his arms toward the grove. They reached the old stump seat in the small clearing where they had sat many times before.

"Now if Miss Nettie was only here!" sighed Wally, as he leaned against his friend with a happy sigh. "Tell me about Daddy and Mother," he began, "was Mother's hair brown and goldie like Miss Nettie's, and was Daddy big and stout like you?" Before Wilbur had time to answer this double question the child sat up with sudden alertness and clutched the man's arm.

"See, Uncle Walt?" he whispered. "Them's the men that scared me over by the factory." He was pointing to the west of the clearing and Wilbur's eyes caught sight of two masked men skulking cautiously through the shrubs, toward the factory. Rapidly his mind put certain facts together.

"Did you see those men over by the factory, Wally?" he demanded almost gruffly.

"Yes. They were talking with that Mr. Young who ate lunch with us once. They were in the bushes and they put those black things on their faces. Why do they do that, Uncle Walt?"

"Did you hear what they said, Wally? Tell me quick!"

"Mr. Young said everything will be O. K., and they said they would put it on the south side of the works at eight sharp and for him to be clear, and then they were going up and do the big Guy's mansion. Was mother's hands soft and white like Miss Nettie's, Uncle Walt?" The question was unheeded.

Wilbur had taken pencil and paper from his pocket and pencilled a few hurried words. He took out his watch and looked at it there in the dim moonlight.

"Wally, do you know where Miss Nettie lives?" he demanded, in a tone that startled the child.

"Yes, up in the big white house on the hill. She wheeled me up there once and we had supper on the lawn."

"Can you take this note to her. It may save her life, Wally." The little fellow looked over his shoulders into the shadowy distance, then up into the face of his friend.

"I'll take it if you want me to, Uncle Walt." He knew instinctively that it was a critical moment.

"That's the soldier! Ring the bell and ask for Miss Nettie. If she is not there give it to someone else. Those men were spies who are going to try to blow up the factory and Miss Nettie's home. We must not let them. We must be brave, Wally, man! We must be mighty brave tonight to save Miss Nettie and her father. Good-bye!" he gripped the slender little hand as he pressed the note into it. Something choked within him as he saw the little fellow go thumping off on his crutches, towards the great house gleaming faintly through the trees.

Wilbur turned toward the factory. It was a quarter to eight. Would he have time to make it? He remembered with a sense of sickening guilt his wish of an hour ago that the Harrison factory might be crushed to the earth and that he might stand and exult over the man who had brought it into existence. He quickened his steps with a vague sense that his unChristian emotion had in some way produce the impending calamity.

As he emerged from the grove he saw the plant towering before him. He heard the whirr of the machinery, and the forms of the workmen were discernible through the windows. There was a light in the President's office.

There were a hundred men at work in that building. Young had sold that many lives for a handful of money. He hadn't thought it of Young. He wondered if that were the night watchman now moving hurriedly away from the building to save his cowardly self, or was it one of the plotters? Would he have time to give the warning. He was very near the grey walls of the factory now. It must be but a few minutes until eight. Evidently that was the time the fuse was to be lighted. He thought of Wally trudging painfully up toward the big house

and wondered if he should have gone there himself. After all Nettie's safety was worth more than anything else in the world to him.

Suddenly he saw her figure appear in the window of the second floor office. For an instant his head reeled. He felt rooted to the spot.

The movement of a dark figure near the south wall restored him to action. He saw a man stoop and place an object against the rocks of the foundation. A moment he bent above it. Then he gave a low whistle and darted away in the direction of the San Madras Gorge.

There was no doubt as to what it all meant. That dark object lying there was a bomb. The man had lighted the fuse. In a moment the munition plant would be a mass of ruins. Three hundred bodies would be blown to atoms. Nettie—the thought was sickening. There was no time to give the alarm. There was no time for anything. He must stand and watch the ruin for which he had wished. And Nettie—how sweet and pale she was there against the window pane. He must do something!

There was but one thing to do. He dashed toward that black object with its spitting fuse. All sense of fear had left him. He was seized with but one thought. He must save Nettie and the factory. He thought of stamping out the fuse, but saw at a glance it was too late. The sputtering sparks were within an inch of the bomb itself. He stooped and grasped the deadly thing in his arm. He staggered a few steps with it toward the gorge, then sent it rolling in the direction the culprits had taken. As he flung it from him a mighty roar filled his ears. The air was thick with smothering smoke and dust. The earth shook and some of it came up and struck him in his face. Then everything became still and dark.

* * * * *

Wilbur opened his eyes. Everything seemed strange and still. Pale sunbeams were pouring through the white curtains of the window at his right, and were playing with a cluster of bright holly leaves and berries on the dresser which stood at the foot of his bed.

Where was he, he wondered! He had a vague feeling that something had happened. He attempted to bring his hand to his forehead to brush away the mystery. But his hand could not move. This mystified him more than ever. There were also queer pains in his head. He moved uneasily. There was a rustle in another part of the room and a white-capped nurse bent over him.

"You're feeling better, aren't you? No, you mustn't try to move your hands. You won't be able to move them for some-time. They're pretty badly burned and your left shoulder was

struck by a piece of shell and you have a slight bruise on your head, but you'll soon be all right. It's a wonder you're here at all. Perhaps it will make you feel even better to know they caught the spies." Wilbur's mind was beginning to clear.

"Nettie and Wally?" he began, suddenly recalling all that had happened.

"Everybody's safe and sound but you, and they're all anxious to see you. I promised Mr. Harrison he should be first. You may see them all for just a few minutes afterwards, but you must not talk." She disappeared and a moment later Mr. Harrison was standing beside the bed. His face was working and he found it difficult to speak.

"Wilbur—I—I can't say much—now. I'll have to leave the saying and most of the doing for some other time. There's just one thing I must say. That's to ask you to forgive me. And there's one thing I want to do. That's to send you in a little Christmas gift as a token of my deep regard for a real man." He placed his hand gently on the younger man's head for a moment, then he went out.

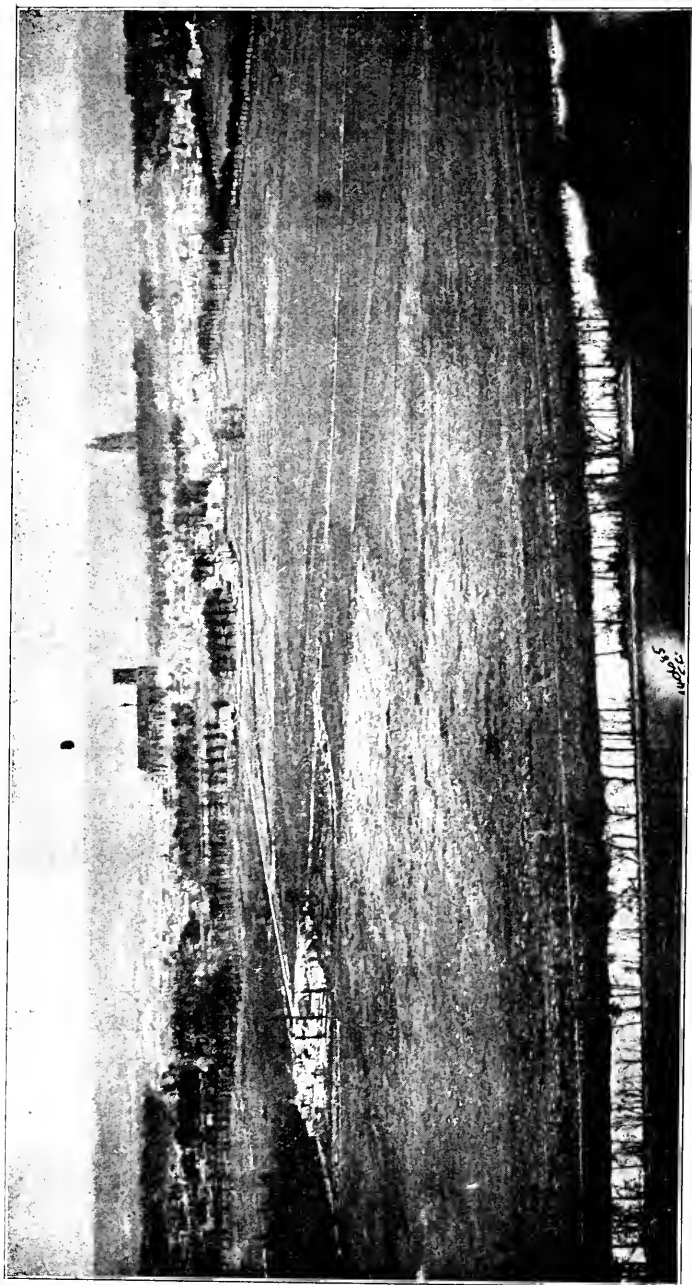
There was a slight flutter near the door. Wilbur thought it was the nurse coming in with the gift his old employer had promised. He wondered if it would be a check, or a new contract for his old job. He was not left long to wonder, for the next instant Nettie was kneeling beside him.

"I am Papa's Christmas gift," she said simply, as she buried her face in the pillow beside his.

This Side and the Other

This side the Alps, the ice and snow,
The other, foaming waters flow;
This side, forbidding, silent, grand,
The other, Italy's fair land!
Impassable may seem the height,
The dazzling snows may blind the sight.
O'er there, where flowers and verdure teem,
Lies Italy, one life-long dream.

Lydia D. Alder.



SOISSONS, ON THE AISNE RIVER

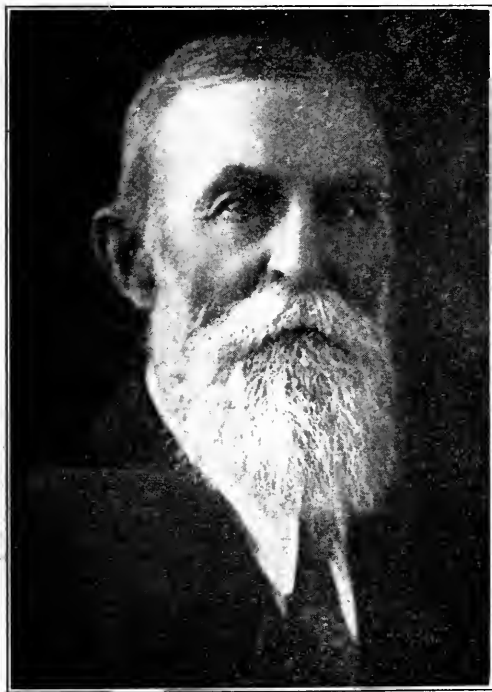
Was taken by the Americans and French in their counter-offensive on the Aisne-Marne front. Americans and French advanced on both sides of the Aisne river and captured the city under heavy artillery fire. The fighting here was particularly hard, being that the city is situated on a hill, and overlooks the surrounding country. The photo shows a panoramic view of the City of Soissons. The famous city is now a mass of ruins, wrecked cathedrals and empty houses.

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George Halls

By Edward H. Anderson

Among my early recollections is the old rock school house, on the west side of the public square, in Huntsville. The old building, still standing, is inseparably connected with the name of George Halls, who for many years presided in it as teacher of the district school and as one of the leaders in the little village. It was the civic center of the little community for many,



George Halls

many years, around which every interest centered, social, religious, educational. On its walls I first saw the pictures of Grant, Sherman, and other heroes of the Civil War, and here, on gala occasions I first saw Old Glory. Here also I first heard the harp of Giles, studied my first Sunday School lesson, first acted as secretary of a literary organization which was later merged into the Y. M. M. I. A., first enjoyed myself in the dance, went to my first choir practice, and attended every other entertainment, civil, social, religious, and political that was

uppermost in the minds of the people under the long and ever-to-be-remembered leadership of Bishop Francis A. Hammond. Here, too, I received my first lesson in school under the Halls brothers, William and George.

Just a half a block north of the old schoolhouse, lived Wilmer Bronson, my Sunday School superintendent, under whom

I first learned the old Jacques' catechism by heart, so that I could repeat it from beginning to end. On the opposite corner was the village store, and just a block west of the store stood a story-and-a-half log house. Here, with his good old English mother, lived my friend George Halls, student, philosopher, teacher, and Latter-day Saint.

He it was who induced me to study grammar, something unheard of in the village school up to the time that he undertook to introduce it. Six of us who accepted the offer of the teacher to take up this study were daily lined up for morning recitation. The experiment was looked upon with curiosity, not to say apprehension, by the good people of the village. It seemed to be useless and time-wasting. Our exercises were laughed at by the students, who were distracted from their studies. There was only one room in which all the grades both recited and studied. In a few days, the curiosity died out, and our little class dwindled down to two or three. Two who "stuck it out" were Professor Mosiah Hall, now the Inspector of the High Schools of the State of Utah, and myself. Before the winter was over, we were able to repeat *Pineo's Primary Grammar*, answering every question, parsing every word in it, and repeating every irregular verb, and every preposition in the English language. The prepositions, in their alphabetical order, remain in my mind to this day: about, above, across, along, amid, among, around, at; before, behind, below, beneath, beside, besides, between, betwixt, beyond, by; down, during, and so on all the way through the alphabet.

Seeing that I took an interest in the matter, George Halls invited me to visit his home evenings to further pursue my studies in that line, and many an evening he sat helping me to learn English grammar. I enjoyed the privilege, notwithstanding I disliked to go home in the dark, for the lonely little cabin in which we dwelt, was far out of town to the west, on the brow of a hill overlooking the silent meadows and the willow-shaded creek and river; particularly I disliked to pass the old abandoned graveyard abutting the street, nearby which was located our one-room cottage made of hewed timber and adobe by father Nils Anderson's own hands. But George's attractive teaching, and his help in my studies, overcame even these fears.

I loved him for his kindness and considerate treatment of me in every way. Going early to school on frosty winter mornings, I invariably found him there preparing for the day. I had a great admiration, which later led to curiosity, for his ability to build a fire and make it burn the green maples in the great round stove in the center of the room. How he could make that green maple blaze up and make a hot fire as it did, was a mystery to me for long years; in fact, I am not sure I solved

the question, but in years later I had my suspicions. This was during the winters of 1869-72.

In the spring of 1872, he engaged with his brother William in farming and stock-raising, and for twelve years owned and operated a section of land in the southeast part of the valley. Here he operated a dairy and cheese factory, with considerable success, later turning over the school to other hands, principally to Professor Charles Wright who for years succeeded the Hall brothers in the occupation of teaching and who also became one of my beloved early teachers, and a friend until he died.

George Halls was the son of John Halls and Susanna Sellstone. He was born October 18, 1846, in the parish of Orsett, county of Essex, England. When he was six years of age his parents became converts to "Mormonism." They were quite poor and could give him but very little schooling. Consequently he had to begin work for wages when very young. His father died in 1861, and the following year George left his native land with his mother for Utah, crossing the Atlantic in the ship *William Tapscott*, and the plains in Horton D. Haight's company. Beginning to work for wages when only very young, George received but little schooling, and had no experience whatever in the pioneer life which now lay before him. He drove a team of four yoke of oxen across the plains. On his arrival in Utah, he soon after settled in Huntsville, and, in 1866, returned to the Missouri river for immigrants as a teamster in Horton D. Haight's company. During the first few years of his residence in Huntsville he worked for wages in the summer, and like all others who could work, only attended school in the winter. He spent most of his time as a shepherd, but used his leisure in the camp studying grammar and preparing his mind educationally. Being very persistent, he obtained a wide knowledge by his own efforts. In the development of the material and intellectual progress of the settlement he was an active worker in every department of public interest: the ward choir, Sunday School, a leading actor in the dramatic association, a teacher in the district school, and in all the amusements and entertainments of the young people always took a leading part. His conduct, activities and example were pillars of strength to the youth.

When within a few days of thirty years of age he married Mary Moselle Hammond, Bishop Francis A. Hammond's eldest daughter, whose mother, Jane Dillworth, was the first school teacher in the state of Utah. The marriage took place October 13, 1876.

In 1885, a large migration, accompanying Bishop Francis A. Hammond, went from Huntsville to new settlements in the south of Utah. Thomas Bingham and a number of others went

to Ashley Fork, and settled Vernal. Francis A. Hammond and the Hall brothers, to San Juan county, where Bishop Hammond settled at Bluff. The following year, 1886, George moved to Mancos, Colorado, at which place the Saints that same year were organized into a ward, and he was chosen and ordained bishop which position he held for twenty-five years, a beloved leader in that pioneer community. He was not only the bishop, but he acted also as superintendent of the ward Sunday School, as choir leader, and was an active, faithful worker in every ward association and in every institution of education in the community. His accounts were always settled to date and no public interest in his charge ever went by default.

He aided in building the Rio Grande railroad from Durango to Mancos, served a term as commissioner of Montezuma county, Colorado, and took a prominent part in educational affairs.

Surrounded by the Colorado pine-covered hills, he built him a comfortable home, cultivated the earth, devoted himself to his books and his civil and religious duties, passing his lifetime in peaceful pursuits and contemplation. Having no children of his own, he and his estimable wife reared two adopted ones, George Dilworth Hall, who enlisted May 10, 1917, in Battery C, 82nd Field Artillery, now at Fort Bliss; and Harriet M. Halls, who married George W. Stevens, Tennessee, and who has four children.

Bishop Halls possessed the respect and confidence of the leaders of the Church and of leading citizens of the county where he dwelt, became well informed on general and current history and literature, and enjoyed a general knowledge of the world's work. In his mountain home he entertained many of the leaders of the Church, and with his kind wife extended warm hospitality to all who came. I enjoyed the great privilege of visiting his home after twenty-five years' absence, again to shake his hand and thank him for his help to me in my childhood. With hundreds of other visitors to his home amidst the hills where once thrived the old Montezumas, I left my benediction of peace for Brother and Sister Halls.

He passed peacefully away from this life January 3, 1917, at Mancos, beloved by all, firm in the faith, having an abiding testimony in the divine mission of the prophet Joseph and the marvelous work and a wonder which he was instrumental in founding, and true to the gospel of Jesus Christ to the end.



Little Bardina

By Alfred Lambourne

She was the sweetest, the dearest, the most lovable of mortals. Bardina dead! Little Bardina! "Can the gods be so envious?" She was the darlingest of sinners! How fearlessly she could speak the truth; with what an innocent smile she could look one in the face and—lie! In her pranks she could deceive the very elect; she almost deceived herself. But the second talent she used only for good. No, do not ask me to explain; some other moralist must figure that statement out. Bardina dead! Little Bardina! Close the Green-Room doors, make fast the blinds, then. Let us wear sack-cloth; let us put ashes upon our heads. No, no, no! We would not wrong her thus. Open the door and the windows; let in the brightness of the sunlight, the songs of birds. Let us look on the beauty of earth, inhale the fragrance of blossoms. That were the more fitting to do when we think of Bardina.

It was Little Bardina who rescued the stoker. It was wrong for her to plead for the man. It was true that the stoker was wearied with his waitings upon an invalid wife, and it was true that he possessed a blind child. But suppose that the Play-House had been consumed? What he did was a negative crime. The pipes, which ran along beneath the wooden parquet floor, were red hot, and the man at his post was sound asleep. Think, had there been a panic in the crowded house, a conflagration? But we shudder to think! It was in the days when the heating apparatus was of the olden kind, and the escape was almost a

miracle. "In case of fire," was instructed on the theatre program, "do not be alarmed, do not create a panic. The audience would be able to leave the house at their leisure; re-enter and take their seats, and leave again before there would be danger." Pleasant fable! But the pleading of Bardina prevailed with the management and the stoker was re-instated.

And Little Bardina laughed in glee. What pleased her so much as to come out victor with an exploit like that?

Nothing, indeed! Unless it were to indulge her penchant for playing of practical jokes.

Once Bardina played a trick on the Tragedian's dog. That trick caused the big mastiff to fall over the edge of the Scene-Painter's Gallery, and it died on the back stage with plaintive moans. Whereat the repentant trickster almost cried out her eyes.

Perhaps it was *that* practical joke—the one which I am about to tell, which caused Little Bardina from so trying her friends—for awhile.

It has been already told that the Play-House stood in a land of romance. On one side lay a broad water and on the other were noble mountains. And sometimes the Theatre Company, accompanied, perhaps, with a traveling star, would go to the one or the other of the places, broad waters or mountains, for their annual Dramatic Picnic. Then what sport along rocky shore, or on waves of brine, or among the mountain ways! It was among the mountains where the company went on the occasion of Bardina's memorable joke. Let us describe the place, it will make you, dear reader, better to understand the mad prank, which smashed the picnic, caused its ending to be a scene of unrestrained sorrow, and yet which taught us all how dearly, after all, we loved Little Bardina.

It was a remarkable place where the picnic was held. The Thespians had well chosen the scene of their "Act." They had left the theatre at an early hour, and a score of vehicles bore them to the selected place. Wild, magnificent, grand! That particular point in the canyon was called "The Stairs," and there its stream foamed over a succession of steep granite ledges. Great cliffs on either hand echoed back the water's roaring; yet there were level green-swards between the masses of shrub-oak, where the members of the company might indulge in dancing, or where the cloths for the meals might be spread. There, too, half in jest, half in earnest, the actors declaimed, pitching their voices in rivalry with the noise of the tempestuous waters. Ah, those waters! How fiercely they swirled and plunged in their downward course! The granite ledges were hidden in foam. Woe to the one who by mischance might be there! One

of the actors had warned Bardina of this. To their death man or woman would go who might fall into the stream; no mercy would be found in those frantic waters.

In the highest of mirth the Company had set out for that place, wretched they returned. And all through the prank of Little Bardina.

Let us describe a paragraph more.

At right angles to the main canyon, there is a short and hidden glen. Abruptly it ends with a leaning rocky wall, and over the wall comes the high yet most slender of waterfalls. O, Nature has worked through the ages to make lovely that hidden glen! On its floor are clusters of wild raspberry bushes, and the thimble-berry, and its entrance is concealed by thickets of wild rose. In relation to the canyon the glen might be compared, for we think of the theatre still, to some dainty dressing room, apart from the great, wide stage. Its lower rocks were cushioned deeply in mosses,



fretted with azure gentian, midway up they were draped with delicate ferns, and higher still were brightly colored with the golden and orange lichen. A huge old spruce tree stood by the slender water fall, and if there should come one occupant to that nature dressing-room who cared to make use of a mirror, there was one of nature's own. In an oval basin the collected waters rested, and they reflected without a blemish, the beauty of the glen, and the blue of the summer skies.

And into that glen went Bardina. In that nature dressing-room she hid and, through the thicket of wild-rose, peeped out to watch the result of her prank.

And as a result of that prank imagine the consternation among the company of actors and actresses! Imagine the torture of hearts! Imagine the hysterical women, and imagine the men, with set faces, as they searched along the edge of the water for some trace for, as they thought, the unfortunate girl! Imagine them looking into each darksome pool and swirling eddy of the plunging stream! Imagine these things, and then imagine the tricksome sinner, Bardina, peeping out through the thickets of wild-rose, and with eyes that sparkled with glee!

For her prank was this—she had left footmarks to the edge of the water, had pushed down loose rock as if some one had slipped and fallen there. Then she left her red poke bonnet, fastened to a bush as if caught there as she fell. O, they should think that she was drowned! Was it not a most cruel and impish prank!

And so the Company returned to the Play-House. Alas! without Little Bardina. Not even with her body. They had brought the red poke bonnet, and that was all. O, it was too terrible to be true!

Now, why did Bardina remain in the glen? Why did she not come out from her concealment, as she had fully intended to do? She had carried her prank too far; it should have ended in mirth at the side of the stream. Why? we ask. Why, we answer, because she really did have a slip and a fall. Not on the big stage, the canyon with its ledges and roaring stream, but in the dressing-room glen. At the exact time, at the moment of effect, it was her purpose to rush out from her hiding-place and to fill the wild with derisive laughter. But she was to be punished; it was her turn now. She was to learn how foolish and sometimes dangerous is a practical joke. Just as she was about to make her sensational entry upon the nature-stage, then it was that her foot slipped, upon a wet and polished stone of the glen-stream, and down went Little Bardina. Upon the mimic stage what a laugh it would have caused. Now it was no laughing

matter, upon that real stage. Bardina, after her fall, lay white and still; there was blood on her forehead, too. When she recovered from her deadly faint, there was but a "darkened house." No light in dressing room, the glen, or on stage, the canyon. The Company was gone; no voice was to be heard but that of the angry stream. Bardina was alone in the wild, and night was coming on.

O, such a woe-begone, such a bedraggled creature she was brought to the Play-House next day. Bardina! Little Bardina! Imagine the rapture of the astonished Company! There was a great blue bump on the girl's forehead, there was a cut on her cheek, her hands were torn with the thorns of the wild-rose. And yet—she was alive. It was indeed lucky for her that a wood-cutter coming down the canyon road with his load of logs had found the half-dazed sinner, and brought the culprit to the theatre side door. Weep—laugh! Scold her, beat her—smother her with kisses! O, how fair was the sky, how melodious the songs of birds, how sweet the fragrance of blossoms that came in through the Green-Room windows! The world was beautiful, for there again, to be forgiven and to be loved was Little Bardina!



The Christmas Awakening

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

I—Over Here

Lila opened her cedar chest to put her Christmas presents in. Then suddenly burying her face in the pile of snowy linens a dry sob escaped her. The box held some of the fittings for the "little house" which she and Drake Osborne were to furnish when he returned from "over there." But the "hope chest" had turned to a coffin, for it was six weeks since her young husband had been reported "missing in action." She read his name in the casualty list of the paper one morning at the breakfast table. So she had gone into the valley of the shadow alone, and it was only the tiny, rose-bud fingers of her baby girl that pulled her back to life. She was glad, now, infinitely glad, that she had married Drake before he left. She had Baby Mildred to rear and take care of. Without that, what had she to live for?

It had been a brave Christmas for all of them, each one assuming a cheerfulness he did not feel. There were holly wreaths and Chinese lilies in the windows. The round dinner table shimmered with its usual fine linen and crystal. Only, as a tribute to Mr. Hoover, the usual turkey had been replaced by a modest chicken, and the plum pudding was not quite so rich as usual. Afterward in the gathering dusk Mr. Burke had repaired to the library fire. As he sat there reading, the light fell on his gray hair, carefully brushed to hide the bare spot. Lila had never before thought of her father, a vigorous man of sixty-five, as old, but now he seemed to sag. No one ever spoke of Mr. Burke "doing his bit." His was a business that did not benefit from the war. With increased taxes, high wages, depleted help, inferior materials, Mr. Burke shouldered an ever-increasing burden.

Her mother, Lila suspected, had crept up to her room to pray a little, weep a little, and write a little to the absent son at one of the Nation's training camps.

Lila straightened her shoulders. In line with her new determination to be of service, she went rapidly through her dower box. The pine pillow, redolent of the mountains, should go to Grandma Pettingil, shut in with rheumatism. The yards of lace

into which she had crocheted many hours at the seashore, should trim Mildred's new petticoats. Some of her dainty lingerie, much too fine for a widow, she thought with a wry smile, should go to help out Cousin Maud's trousseau. The piles of sheets and tablecloths would bolster up her mother's depleted stores, for with war-time prices, such things had become almost prohibitive. Also, as soon as she was a little stronger she would take charge of the household, so her mother could visit her married daughter in another city. The row of new and best loved books—David Graham Phillips, Mary Roberts Rinehart, John Galsworthy—she would send to the library for soldiers and sailors. The picture of "Morning in Holland" should hang in her own room. Perhaps the figure of the old Dutch woman with her baskets of flowers would take away the memory of that dreadful poem, "In Flanders fields the poppies grow"—then something about the "dead, row on row." It was a poem she had read at the beginning of the war, and it had rung in her ears ever since Drake was reported "missing." It brought to her mind a grave, surmounted by a cross. After all, missing did not surely mean dead. There was just a chance: he might come home. A weak cry issued from the basinet. Lila jumped up and clasped her baby to her breast.

II—Over There

When Drake Osborn awoke he did not know whether he was in this world or the next. There were flickering lights which threw grotesque shadows on the figures of groaning men. Like Mark Twain, when he "came to" in the catacombs of Rome, he was inclined to think that it was the day of judgment, and he was the first one to awake. Gradually Drake discerned that he was in a church. He lay on a stone floor and looked up into a gilded dome. Around him were mutilated men. Some were pain-wracked, while others were dead. There were tall wax candles burning on the altar which was being used as an operating table. The men bending over it were surgeons. He tried to get up, but a spasm of pain passed through him. He lifted his right hand, and felt gingerly of his left shoulder. It was caked with congealed blood.

"So that's where I got mine," he murmured. His hand traveled to his helmet. It was dented. "Must have been shrapnel that knocked me out of commission."

Two stretcher bearers brought in a boy who cried with pain like a child.

One of them who stopped to beat his hands together, glancing about, exclaimed, "I call this a —— of a Christmas!"

So it was Christmas day! Set in the gold leaf above the altar was a life-size picture of Christ. Not a pain-wracked Jesus, but a figure poised as if in flight, with a light on his face, and his feet on the clouds. The injured man did not think of that ancient birth and crucifixion. Somehow the recent battle of the Marne had made that fade into the past. In that one battle, six hundred thousand stalwart men had gone down to death. Nor did he think of the present Christmas, surrounded as he was by the holocaust of horror, but of the Christmas of the future, when men should cease to kill each other.

A doctor came down the aisle with an electric torch. Kneeling he cut away the clothing from Drake's shoulder. Some of it stuck, and as he yanked it away, young Osborne thought that he was going to faint again. The Doctor whistled, got out a small instrument and shot a needle into the patient's arm. Gradually the throbbing in Drake's shoulder began to ease. A calm settled on him. Not only at that distant day would men abide in peace but even the animals would cease to prey on each other, he thought. He drowsily remembered a text from his Sunday school days.

*"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. * **

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

The new Christmas would be when the white Christ, on the wings of the morning should come to usher in the Millennium and bring peace for a thousand years. As Drake looked, it seemed as if the figure above the altar poised, as if in flight. Then he drowsed off into slumber.

An Armistice

Oh, babe, I didn't mean to scold.
 'Twas all a joke; come, let us hold
 An armistice.
 Put up your dirty, chubby face,
 While papa cleans a little place
 To kiss.

Theodore E. Curtis.

Mysterious Ways

By Nephi Jensen

One fine autumn day, in 1882, the members of the Relief Society of the Copenhagen branch of the Church held a spirited testimony meeting which was attended by the late Elder Christian D. Fjeldsted. One of the most impressionable listeners at the meeting was a young stone-cutter, who had joined the Church the year previous. A feature of the meeting that made a lasting impression upon the young man, was a pleasant clashing of sentiments in which Elder Fjeldsted and a woman, with the zeal of a new convert, took part.

This good sister, with a bit of indignation in her manner, told of a little unpleasantness she recently had experienced in attempting to tell her groceryman of the beauties of her new-found religion. The merchant, who was a high churchman, and had always received "the things of God" from scholarly divines, vigorously repelled the zealous woman's attempts at evangelization. The woman became a little nettled, and in a moment of unwisdom, informed the business man that she would no longer trade with him.

To the assembled sisters, she avowed her intention to carry out the resolution she had first expressed to the merchant, when he impatiently rejected the proffered pearl of great price. When she concluded, Elder Fjeldsted quietly arose, and in his characteristic, gentle way reminded the woman that her attitude towards the groceryman was not quite Christianlike, and added, "That man has as good a right to his ideas of religion as we have to ours." Then, in a flash of inspiration, concluded by saying, rather earnestly, "That man will yet join the Church."

To the young stone-cutter this was a prophecy in the teeth of fate. And he was deeply impressed, but little dreamed that he should assist in making the prediction come true. A few years passed, and business reverses brought the merchant back to shirt-sleeves. In order to feed and clothe his family, he was compelled to seek employment as a stone-cutter's helper. He applied at the establishment of the young stone-cutter, and was employed.

One day, as the two stood side by side pounding their chisels, their conversation drifted to religion. They had not talked long before the young convert asked his helper the pointed question,

"Suppose you should meet a heathen who should ask you what God you believed in, what would you tell him?"

"Why, I would tell him God is a being without body, parts or passions," responded the man, with the air of one who is telling something to a person who ought to know without being told.

This was the young convert's opening, and he used it with the zest of one who is telling a wonderful, new story. He said, "Did you ever think that your definition of God is the definition of nothing?"

Of course, he had not thought of that, but after his employer told him his idea of God, the former merchant commenced to think about it.

In the course of the conversation, the helper found out that he was working for a "Mormon," and proceeded to answer his employer's theological arguments with a recital of his experience with a woman who was a member of the Church. He informed his employer that he did not feel very kindly towards the "Mormons" because, when he was in the grocery business, a lady who was a "Mormon" refused to trade with him, simply because he had impatiently repelled the lady's insistent attempts to explain her religion to him.

The stone-cutter instantly remembered the Relief Society testimony meeting, and Elder Fjeldsted's prophecy. The thought that he was now talking to the man concerning whom the prophecy was uttered, caused an awesome feeling to come over him. After a moment's deep reflection, he told his helper that he had heard of the woman's threatened revenge.

"How so?" asked the helper, quite surprised.

The stone-cutter replied, with a recital of what had occurred at the testimony meeting, with the prophecy eliminated. The helper's attitude immediately changed. He was quite pleased to learn that the woman's rather hasty resolution was not upheld by a man prominent in the Church.

The way was now clear for the young convert to realize his sincere wish, the conversion of his helper. Day after day, he argued and quoted Scripture to the accompaniment of the chisel blows upon the rock, with the result that the helper, his wife, and two sons, joined the Church.

The helper died a few years after being converted. His widow and two sons came to Utah. The one son later moved to Canada, where he became a very prosperous farmer, and an active and influential Church worker. The other son resides in southern Utah, and is a respected citizen, and a zealous advocate of the gospel he received from the stone-cutter.

The young stone-cutter, who drank from the fountain of inspiration, was transformed from a hewer of stone to a molder of human souls.

God the Great Physician

By Joseph A. West

In concluding my series of articles on the healing cults of the day, I am led to ask, how many of the Latter-day Saints believe, with the Emmanualists, that the discoveries of the medical fraternity, in our day, are as much a revelation from God as the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount? and that the calling in of the doctor, after the elders have administered, is but adding works to their faith?

When surgical aid is necessary, it would certainly be folly to expect the Lord to do what easily obtainable surgical skill could supply, but there would be no impropriety, even in such cases, in asking him to bless the doctor that he might employ the best skill of his profession, and also that the healing mercies of the Lord might accompany the person afflicted.

God has said, however (James 5:14):

“Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.”

What a wonderful promise that the sick shall not only be healed by the prayer of faith; but that if they have sinned, their sins shall be forgiven them!

In the Doctrine and Covenants, section 42, commencing with paragraph 43, the Lord says:

And whosoever among you are sick, and have not faith to be healed, but believe, shall be nourished with all tenderness, with herbs and mild food, and that not by the hand of an enemy. And the elders of my Church, two or more, shall be called, and shall pray for and lay their hands upon them in my name; and if they die they shall die unto me, and if they live they shall live unto me. * * * And it shall come to pass that those who die in me, shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them; and they that die not in me, wo unto them, for their death is bitter. And again, it shall come to pass that he that hath faith in me to be healed, and is not appointed unto death, shall be healed; he [meaning the blind] who hath faith to see shall see; he [meaning the deaf] who hath faith to hear, shall hear; the lame who hath faith to leap shall leap.

Relative to those who die in the Lord, John the Revelator says:

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

Paul (I Thessalonians 4:14) says:

Even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

The Lord said unto Joseph Smith (Doctrine and Covenants 63:49):

Yea, and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, when the Lord shall come, and old things shall pass away, and all things become new, they shall rise from the dead and shall not die after, and shall receive an inheritance before the Lord, in the holy city.

Now let us summarize the blessings that the Lord promises to the Saints who, when sick, call in the elders and are administered to according to the pattern given in the gospel:

First, if they have sinned their sins shall be forgiven them.

Second, all such, if they die, die in the Lord.

Third, if they die in the Lord, they shall not taste of death, and their death shall be sweet unto them.

Fourth, they will be among those whom Christ will bring with him when he shall come in the clouds of heaven in the latter days.

Fifth, they shall receive an inheritance before the Lord in the holy city.

Sixth, by the exercise of faith, all kinds of diseases shall be cured, the blind shall see, the deaf shall be made to hear, and the lame be made to leap, etc.

Is it, therefore, not worth while to do as the Lord has commanded?

The above promises are made to the Saints, those who have accepted of Jesus Christ as their Redeemer and Guide, and are seeking, with all their "might and main," to conform to his laws and commandments. To those outside of the Church, who have not had their sins remitted through baptism by one having divine authority, the above promises are not made. To the wicked among them, the Lord has said that their death shall be bitter. To all such the pangs of remorse, or the woes of an accusing conscience for an evil and misspent life, must add greatly to the distress of dying; for however infidel to the existence of God men may avow themselves to be, in the vigor of life, when the shadows of death begin to encompass them, they seemingly doubt the potency of their former convictions, and wonder if there is not a God to whom they must give an account for the deeds done in the body. Certain it is that the man or woman who has led a Christian life, and has an unfaltering faith in a future, endless life of eternal development and progress, in which all that is good has its sure reward, cannot but feel a peaceful, abiding, confiding, calm when the last summons comes!

Of the Saints that die in the Lord, President Young said at

the funeral of Sister Vilate Kimball: "There is no period known to them in which they experience so much joy as when they pass through the portals of death, and enter upon the glorious change in the spirit world."

The student of nature knows that activity is life, and that stagnation, or inactivity, means death. Such is true of the Priesthood. It may be conferred and passively possessed, but its spirit and power can neither be fully developed nor enjoyed without a life of activity in the exercise of the functions thereof. Complaint is often made that while the great majority of the Latter-day Saints hold this divine authority, there is not much for those to do who do not hold official positions in the Church. Were the Saints more frequently to employ their very inexpensive instrumentality which God in his wisdom and mercy has provided for the healing of the sick, it would greatly increase the activities of the priesthood, enlarge their field of usefulness, and be a means of bestowing inestimable blessings upon them, as well as upon the Saints to whom they might administer. For, through this means has come to God's people, in every gospel dispensation, more testimonies of the truth, and of God's existence and power, as well as willingness to bless those who seek him, in the manner appointed, than in any other way.

The miraculous healings of Christ aided in establishing the divinity of his mission; and by this means also, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints signifies its divine origin, as well as by its exact conformity to all of the teachings and ordinances of the gospel.

Brigham City, Utah

Spring and Harvest

Spring! and the Wise King's glory
 Pales to the daisy's gold.
 Spring! and wild surf-waves hoary
 Leap like young lambs in fold.
 Trees with bright-woven tresses
 Salute the Throne above,
 While every bird expresses
 God's Miracles of Love.

Dawn, and strange stars are dancing
 Midst cannon's belching breath;
 Black demon steeds are prancing
 In saraband of Death—
 But soft the night-dews weeping
 O'er lads that knew not late
 How the torn earth is reaping
 Man's Harvest drear of Hate.

London, W. C.

Florence L. Lancaster.

At the Top of the Canyon

By *Claude T. Barnes*

In Two Parts—Part 1

It was a languid afternoon in August, when Stuart Reed dismounted and, stretching himself full length, drank heartily of a cold mountain spring. He had threshed out a fire in Bear Canyon and was tired after a long ride through timber and over ridges. Allowing his fine sorrel horse to nibble about at will, he tossed his hat on the grass and sat down to rest and to enjoy for a few minutes the ever-interesting phenomena of nature.

Far below him spread a level valley, quivering rays of summer heat and a thin haze of smoke giving a distant range of mountains an opalescent hue, while the great city that reposed on the gentle slopes resembled a mammoth checker-board of antique green and gray, with here and there colossal chess men of white or brown.

The canyon sides about him were shaded with forests of lodge-pole and white pines; and he lounged beside a blue spruce as handsome as any he had yet seen. As he meditated the fretful brook at his feet the sun's rays were reflected as if by a thousand tiny mirrors and even the leaves of the aspens scintillated and shone with a vibrant brilliancy almost as strong as that of the tinkling bubbles and miniature waves.

For nearly a half hour he pondered, hearing little save the sharp stridulation of grasshoppers and the occasional scream of a western red-tailed hawk, which wheeled about with eyes ever alert for chipmunks and rodents. At last he arose and proceeded leisurely to pick a few luscious service berries from a bush near by, reaching high where he thought the best fruit grew, and breaking a few branches with his feet below.

Suddenly his horse whinnied; so, turning, he was astonished to behold standing on a large rock in the little stream which he had just left, what his quick eyes at once concluded to be the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen. Of medium height and of perfect contour, she wore tall, tan boots, a short, white corduroy skirt, and a silk middy; and as she twirled her white hat in her hand, the sun fairly beamed through her wealth of brown hair. Her pretty, white teeth enhanced her smile, and her brown eyes danced with merriment as Stuart slowly approached.

"Did I startle you?" she inquired.

"Well, no-o and y-es," he confusedly replied, as he removed his hat and stood before her.

A strange look for a second swept over her face as she noted his fine, manly build; for in surprising she had been herself surprised. She as quickly collected herself, however, and cast her eyes down the canyon.

"You see I climbed too fast for my friends," she began, "and when I trudged round the trail there and saw you picking berries I just thought I would stand still on this rock and wait for you to turn."

"You did not count on my horse, did you?"

"No, that's true," she replied, as she glanced at the animal which was browsing nearby. She studied it for a moment and then said pleasantly as if having just solved a riddle: "Oh, I know; you are a forest ranger."

"That's a good guess, my friend," he responded, in the frank western manner characteristic of his kind. He had spoken the words "my friend" without any thought, because he used them habitually even to strangers met on the trail; but to her they were almost a prophecy of comradeship, though why they should please her so she could scarcely understand.

"Six of us plodded all the way up the canyon today," she said, as she stepped over towards the spring. "We ate lunch in that grove of quaking aspens at the forks; and afterward I decided I wanted to find a fuchsia; so I just walked ahead, and here I am. Are you acquainted with the fuchsia?"

"The California, *Zauschneria California*, I suppose?" he replied.

"Yes, that's it exactly," she said, and at the same time she gave him a glance of astonishment. She knew at once that it would be discourteous to inquire how he should know such a thing; hence though filled with curiosity she repressed her amazement and listened.

"Let us sit down while I think a moment," he invited, as he unstrapped his coat from the saddle and spread it for her beneath the spruce. "That member of the evening primrose family blooms in these mountains during July and August; and I recall now that I have seen very few this summer. There ought to be a bunch or two in the rocks near my cabin, which nestles in the tall pines at the head of the canyon here; and I remember having seen some two weeks ago over the ridge in Pole canyon. Have you any specimens of it?"

"No, I haven't, I'm sorry to say," she confessed, "and won't you please describe it to me as it appears here, for they tell me it is one of the rarest and handsomest flowers of all the Wasatch."

"Yes, that's true," he replied, as he reclined on the grass at her feet and looked steadily at her with his frank, gray eyes.

"It is a beautiful, blood-red fuchsia with ovate or denticulate leaves on a slender stem about a foot high. It is quite shrubby at the base, but the showy flowers appear in racemes all the way up the stock. It grows in bunches on rocks from six to eleven thousand feet altitude; and in these mountains, only on the open, sunny places of the south slopes. It is exceedingly brilliant, and has the happy characteristic of keeping its vivid colors indefinitely. It is, indeed, the prize of the mountains."

For a moment silence reigned between them; and as Stuart turned his handsome head from her, she wondered what could be the explanation of this man's evident education and refinement, coupled with his employment as a forest ranger. She noticed that his hands, while sun-burned, were nevertheless not knotted and coarse with toil. He appeared to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age; as neat and clean as a flower about his person; and withal a splendid specimen of manhood. When he smiled, as he frequently did, he showed the fine, well-kept teeth of a gentleman; and as she quietly surveyed him, she was stirred with a delightful sense of security by his presence.

While they sat thus pondering, a bird, smaller than a robin, with dark plumbeous body and clove-colored head, flew to the rock on which she had stood and, while looking into the miniature cascade below, constantly moved about and dipped its head up and down. Quickly Stuart reached back and grasped his companion's hand while with his other he motioned her to keep still. She was thrilled by even this unconscious touch, yet steadfastly looked at the bird to see what would happen. It teetered for a moment more and then flew into the water, swimming about beneath the surface with its wings and overturning submerged stones; and then, having perhaps caught an aquatic insect or so, it arose and, chattering, flew down stream.

Stuart turned towards his companion and suddenly sensing that his hand held hers, quickly released it. His eyes dropped, a slight flush glowed over his face, and he said, half apologetically:

"It's the water ousel, our only North American dipper; and I did want you to observe its unique habit of feeding beneath the water as if it were a fish. It is the most characteristic and charming bird of all the Wasatch."

"How pleasing life in the wilds is when one can both see and understand," she replied. "Where does such a remarkable bird build its nest?"

"Its nest," he answered, "is constructed beside the stream, often within the very mist of a little waterfall. It looks like a child's play-muff, made of moss, consisting of a floor of small twigs, over which, in oven shape, is built sides and roof, the lat-

ter being arched over so as to protect the opening. The bird's song is remarkably sweet and lively, in modulation somewhat resembling that of the brown thrasher of the East, being less powerful but much sweeter in effect."

From down the canyon some one holloed a long-drawn "O-ho! ho!" which caused the young woman to rise.

"It's my friends calling for me," she said. "I told them I must find a fuchsia and now perhaps they think I am lost. I suppose that I ought to stroll down towards them, as Jack anyhow will not like my coming up here alone."

Stuart arose, and after folding his coat carefully buckled it behind the saddle. He threw the reins over his shoulder and then led the sorrel down to the spring. The young woman looked on with interest and, as the horse stood drinking, she examined the rifle that rested in its scabbard, asked to peep through the field glasses that hung from the pommel of the saddle and looked inquiringly at a small, round leather case that was suspended by a strap over Stuart's shoulder.

"This is a very delicate instrument," he said, as he unbuckled it. "This side is, as you see, a barometer and a thermometer. The barometer gives me the altitude, which is here, for instance, just seven thousand seven hundred fifty feet. On the other side I have a compass so finely adjusted on its jewel pinion that even a knife blade will cause it to turn. It is to me a most instructive and reliable companion; and I am really grateful to it for having more than once led me to the cabin through blinding snow."

As the horse ceased drinking it nibbled gently at Stuart's shoulder, as if to indicate that it was ready to go home. Without looking at its head at all, he reached his hand and rubbed it affectionately on the nose. He stood silently for a moment, drinking in the rare beauty of the girl beside him, and then quickly sprang into the saddle.

"Well, I suppose I'll be going," he said, as he removed his hat and bent over slightly in the saddle. "If you are really interested in the fuchsia and cannot find one, I surmise that you might discover one right under that balsam some day soon, if you care to look."

He held out his hand, pressed hers politely, said "Good-bye" and wheeled his sorrel on up the canyon. When he had gone about twenty-five yards, and just as he was about to disappear behind some aspens, he stopped, and turning his head back towards the girl who had not moved, opened his lips as if to say something, but evidently changing his mind, touched the horse with his foot and was gone.

(To be concluded in the January number)

My Star

WORDS BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

Moderato, Met. ♩ = 60.

cres.

1. When yet a child I scanned the sky, And from the
 2. Oft gaz-ing on the pine-decked hills, Far o'er the
 3. So hap - py days and years sped round; The Gos-pel
 4. E'en now its rays break from a - far! Hail! Gos-pel

cres. *ff* *dim.*
 twinkling hosts on high, I chose a star in heaven,
 willow-shadowed rills, I watched its ear - ly ris - ing,
 light, my star, was found On each re - turn - ing evening—
 light, my childhood's star! Haste on thy glad re - turn-ing!

p *f*
 I chose a star..... in heav - en. And
 I watched its ear - - ly ris - ing. Its
 On each re - turn - ing eve - ning— A
 Haste on thy glad..... re - turn - ing. Leave

nev - er yet a star shone brighter, With lus - ter
sparkle, to my childish thinking. Seemed mer - ry
guidance that I might not fal - ter, On Du - ty's
thou my faltering footsteps nev - er, Shine on for -

rit.

lighter, With lus - ter light - er. *2nd verse only.*
winking, Seemed mer-ry wink - ing.
al - tar, On du - ty's al - tar.
ev - er, Shine on for - ev - er.

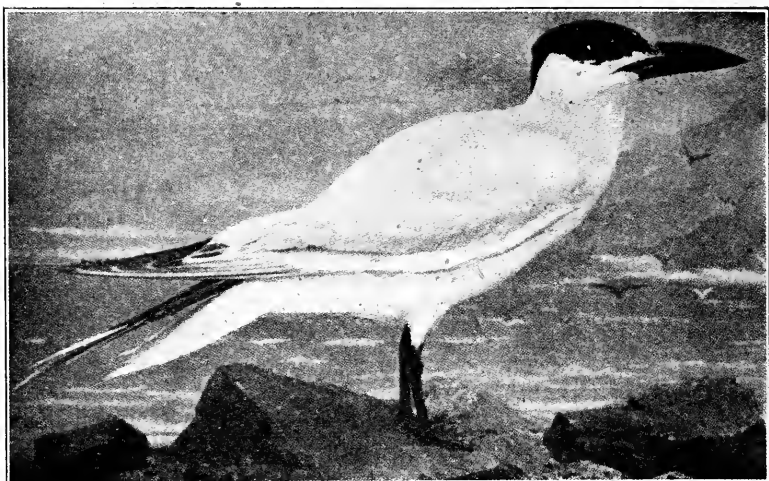
Be Thou my Strength

O Master, shall I come to thee,
And be forever thine?
Shall I behold thy blessed face,
And hear thy voice divine?
Be thou my Shepherd and my Strength,
To guide my feet each day;
And may thy Spirit ever teach
The straight and narrow way.

I do not ask to miss the snares
That in my pathway lie;
To have no thorns to prick my feet,
My weary soul to try.
I only ask that thou wilt be
My Strength, my Shield, my Friend;
That thou wilt guide my erring feet,
In safety to the end.

Charles H. Welch.

Cowley, Wyo.



Outlines for Scout Workers

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S.

XXVIII—The Caspian Tern

1. To what order does the Caspian tern belong? What other birds belong to this order?
2. How does it get its name?
3. Tell of its size, shape and coloring. Compare it with the gull.
4. Where found? When does it visit our valley?
5. Nest—where and how built? Give number and color of eggs.
6. Describe the young.
7. Of what does its food consist? How obtained?
8. Describe its flight. What name is sometimes given to it because of these characteristics?
9. Tell of its call.
10. Should it be protected? Why?

Handy Material

It is said the beautiful bird now before us was first observed along the shores of the Caspian Sea by Pallas, and hence was named the Caspian tern. It belongs to the order *Longipennes* or Long Winged Swimmers. The gulls also belong to this order and are therefore very closely related to the terns. The Caspian tern, measuring twenty-one inches in length, is the largest of all terns, but somewhat smaller than the gull. Its bill is longer and more pointed than that of the gull and, during breeding season, is of a striking reddish color, but at other times is of a

peculiar orange tint. When the tern is in flight the bill points downward in an unusual manner, thus giving this graceful flyer a mark by which he can be easily distinguished from all the gulls.

A black cap adorns his flat head and a pearl-gray coat covers his well-shaped back and long, tapering wings. The latter, however, are usually tipped with darker patches, crossed by narrow bars of silver gray along the extreme ends of the wing feathers. His under parts and breast are white and his legs are almost black. The feet, being webbed, are much like those of a duck, but the toe nails longer in proportion. Both male and female are much alike in size and dress; however, the male is a little larger and has color markings slightly more pronounced, especially during mating season.

Caspian terns are found during one season or another in most parts of the world. Those living in our valley spend the cold winter months along the warmer coasts of California or else the Gulf of Mexico. They come to us in early May and often remain until the middle of October.

Their favorite nesting places are along the secluded shores of our inland sea, but at times their nests have been found further east along the alkaline lakes, even as far as the Hot Springs Lake, within the present limits of Salt Lake City. Ordinarily they nest in rather large colonies and present a beautiful sight, circling over their nests at the approach of some intruder.

The nest is usually nothing more than a shallow depression in the sand or among pebbles and shells, lined at times with a scant supply of sea-weed or a few blades of grass.

The two or three eggs are buff in color, and often marked with brown or lavender. They are surprisingly large for the size of the bird, and in consequence have been in demand for kitchen purposes. For many years fishermen along the Atlantic coast and on the large inland lakes gathered the Caspian's eggs and readily sold them at considerable profit. This business flourished at first, but of course gradually grew less and less as these relentless exploiters pressed their greedy scourings. At length the Audubon Societies came to the rescue of the remaining terns, and under the protection afforded, the birds are now increasing to their former numbers.

The young tern is covered with down of brownish gray. This, together with the blackish on wings and tail, blend almost perfectly with the little fellow's surroundings. He takes advantage of this, for when in danger he squats low and remains motionless in the hope of not being seen. However, if you touch him he scurries off for some distance and squats again.

The Caspian tern's food consists almost entirely of fish, al-

though some writers add frogs, grasshoppers and other insects to his diet. After a meal, he often skims over the water with his keen eye on the lookout for some unsuspecting fish. When it is spied he darts into the water and rarely misses bringing Mr. Fish to the surface in his long bill. Sometimes, as he darts toward the water, the fish escapes, and then, without touching the water he gracefully rises and flies on. One author says, "Were the sea a marble platform or a steel mirror not a terror that thus changed its mind would ever hurt itself, though often within a hair's breadth of being dashed to pieces."

Terns are usually quite noisy, especially during breeding season. Their call is a loud, harsh "kay-awk," or "key-rak," uttered only when the birds are flying. They are gay, mischievous, and quick in action. Though web-footed and with oily texture to the plumage, they are more fond of flying than swimming. They are rarely seen resting upon the water, but go skimming along above its surface or fly high in the air, dipping and darting in graceful curves and circles, making one think of the glides, dips, and turns of a swallow. Indeed, this remarkable ability as a graceful, swallow-like flyer has given to the tern the popular and appropriate name of sea swallow.

All wings thou art, all wings and arrowy power,
 Flashing like foam along the breaker's crest;
 All grace, careening lazily at rest;
 Poised in the luminous heights that are thy dower.

White on the dimpling waves like some sea flower
 Floating by fairy isles, thou slumberest;
 Swifter than winds hurled screaming from the West,
 Thou launchest fearless from thine airy tower.

Mate of the storm and wild, wide ocean skies,
 Had I thy lordship over seas and air,
 To what strange heights might I uplift mine eyes!
 To what empyrean deeps might I not dare!
 But I am bound to Earth and blind surmise,
 And thou, Dark Soul, thou soarest unaware.

—H. Greenham.



Kimball Farm, Raymond, Alberta, Canada

Subduing the Alberta Prairie

By Z. N. Skousen

Unlike the valleys of Utah, the great Alberta prairie is one vast stretch of land, somewhat undulated, and comprising about 253,000 square miles in area, much of which is now in a high state of cultivation. When one stops to consider that the prairie is larger than Great Britain and Ireland combined; or than France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, or the combined New England States, an idea can be formed as to the enormous area occupied.

Generally speaking, the prairie roads are excellent, and one can motor hundreds of miles and seldom strike a stone, while it is quite frequent that in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles the trip will take you through an almost unbroken succession of wheat fields, occasionally interspersed with other varieties of cereals and with vegetables.

When the "Mormon" people first settled in Southern Alberta, it was a huge stretch of crude prairie land, and was generally considered unfit for anything except the buffalo, the Red man and for grazing purposes. It was, however, left for the "Mormon" colony to demonstrate that the soil contained wonderful values that would produce abundantly of nearly every variety of vegetation known to general husbandry.

While under the Canadian Pacific System there are thou-

sands of acres irrigated annually, still the very largest portion of the prairie is dry-farmed, from which millions of bushels of grain are produced annually. In the section where the "Mormon" people are located, the wheat yield frequently passes the fifty-five bushel mark to the acre, and occasionally goes to seventy-three bushels, while the average is about twenty-five bushels. In truck garden produce the yield is very heavy. From Raymond alone they expect to ship, this year, over two hundred carloads of cabbages and potatoes, and although this is far from being a farming year, we will ship 800,000 to 900,000 bushels of No. 1 wheat, 95 percent grown on dry-farms.

The accompanying photographs are of Uncle Hyrum Kimball, (in the centre of the groups) in his very remarkable five-acre dry-farm garden at Raymond. Uncle Hyrum will clear up



Kimball Five-acre Farm, Alberta, Canada

more money than many an other farmer will from a farm of from 80 to 160 acres of land equally as good. Uncle Hyrum is a son of Heber C. Kimball, and since his arrival in Canada, several years ago, has established a reputation for producing excellent yields of sugar beets and truck garden produce on the dry-farm. It is readily admitted that he raises as much to the acre without water as most farmers do who irrigate. The garden shown in the cuts, was a sod patch last fall, and the spring of 1918 opened up with practically no reserve moisture; besides, the precipitation of the first seven months of the year has been less than for many years. In the face of these adverse conditions, Uncle Hyrum has a garden that would be a credit to any gardener, in



One-half Acre of Beans

Man to left: O. F. Ursenbach; center, Uncle Hyrum Kimball

which can be found nearly all varieties from the tomato down to the hardier plants.

It is under these climatic conditions and soil values that the "Mormon" people in Canada have increased until there are now two large stakes, (Alberta and Taylor) comprising over ten thousand souls. The people, as a rule, are strong spiritually, well-to-do financially, and contented with their lot. They are one with the commercial and agricultural classes in building a commonwealth that has gained a wide recognition. Here farming is done on a large scale, as a quarter section is considered a small farm indeed. With work done on the wholesale plan, the broad prairie offering such unlimited inducements for big things—a broad field of thought and soul-expansion is promoted which is manifest in the magnificent results of their endeavor.

Raymond, Alberta, Canada

The Kiss

A shy little miss, mighty easy to kiss,
 Met Jim at the foot of the mountain;
 But I scorn to advance what I saw at a glance,
 Through the silvery spray of the fountain!
 But I saw that she saw that he saw that I saw,
 And he saw that she saw that I saw it;
 So I know that she knows that he knows that I know,
 And he knows that she knows that I know it.

Theodore E. Curtis.

Died in Service

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Charles L. Randall, of Idaho Falls, was reported dead of wounds, in France, Sept. 29, 1918.

George Stevenson, of Price, Utah, died in a battle on the French front, according to a letter received on October 22 by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson.

Arthur Hogan, a Marine, of Tooele, Utah, died of Spanish influenza at the League Island Navy Yard hospital, in Philadelphia; word being received in Salt Lake City to that effect September 28.

Roy P. Nelson, age twenty-one years, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Nelson, of Randolph, Utah, died, October 16, at Fort Douglas hospital, of pneumonia, following an attack of Spanish influenza.

Fred Edler, died at Camp Fremont, California, October 14, of pneumonia. He entered the service of our country, July 24, 1918. Funeral services were held at Fountain Green, Utah, October 22.

Private Charles E. Dudley, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dudley of Hollister, Idaho, died October 9, at Camp Lewis, from pneumonia. He was buried in the Twin Falls cemetery, October 15, with military honors.

Lieutenant L. H. Evans, of Nephi, Utah, member of the 314th Engineers, wounded September 12, at the front in France, died September 14. He had been in France six months, was twenty-eight years old, and son of R. H. Evans, of Nephi.

Private Edward C. Anderson, of Kenilworth, was reported killed in action, France, August 10. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Anderson, and left for Camp Lewis, Washington, October 4, 1917, and went to France in January, 1918.

Willard C. Gowans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andres G. Gowans of Tooele, born November 14, 1894, died at Fort Logan, Colorado, according to word received in Tooele, October 25. He enlisted in the limited service on October 4, as a carpenter.

John Daniels, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Daniels, Malad, Idaho, died at Camp Fremont, California, according to word received in Malad, October 25. He had been at Camp Fremont two months, and his death resulted from pneumonia following influenza.

Sergeant Earl Ashton, of Lehi, Utah, died of pneumonia at Camp Lewis, October 24, 1918. He was 27 years of age, and began training at Camp Lewis last June. The body was brought to Lehi for burial. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ashton.

Private Wm. Netcher, Trenton, Utah, died in a hospital, back of the front lines, September 11, having been wounded in both legs by shell, August 1. He was 22 years old, born and reared in Salt Lake City. He was farming at Trenton before enlisting.

Jefferson Hays fell victim to Spanish influenza while serving with Marines in Virginia. He enlisted from Loa, Wayne county, and was married there to a Miss Cook last fall. He came to Utah from the middle east, some years ago, settling in Wayne county.

Bert Oakey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oakey, of American Fork, Utah, twenty-five years of age, died October 20, at Fort Logan, Colorado. He had only been at Fort Logan since October 4, having entered with a number of other limited service men.

Private Ernest McFarlane, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McFarlane of Murray, Utah, died at Camp Lewis, July 19, 1918. He was a member of the 166th Depot Brigade, and was twenty-eight years old. Born at Stockton, Utah, he left Salt Lake for training April 11.

Hubert G. Bush, twenty-five years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bush, died October 16, 1918, at the post hospital of pneumonia following Spanish influenza. He was a member of the University of Utah Training Detachment, and formerly a clerk in a local store.

Private Walter J. Sorenson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sorenson of Brigham City, died of pneumonia at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, according to word received in Brigham City, October 15. He was born in that city February 15, 1893; enlisted in the automobile corps on June 15, 1918.

Corporal George A. Greenly, born in Loa, Utah, went to Idaho Falls, Idaho, as a member of the Marine Corps, being one of the first to enlist from Loa, Utah. He was wounded last August, in France, and his death, reported October 24, is presumed to have been due to his wounds.

Corporal Fred Cannon died in a hospital in France, according to word received at Ogden, by his wife, Edna Cannon, on the 7th of October. He enlisted in the 31st Engineers of Portland, Oregon, March 11; was thirty-four years of age, and sailed from this country for France June, 1918.

Joy Jones, son of Joshua V. and Jennie B. Jones of Provo, Utah, died at Fort Logan, Colorado, October 25. He left Provo October 4. He had entered the Government limited service at Fort Logan, was 22 years old. Owing to physical defects, he had been rejected in the regular service.

Harold M. Ferguson, chief boatswain mate U. S. S. *Marblehead*, died of influenza at the Naval Hospital, Key West, Florida, October 18. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ferguson, of Ogden, Utah. His body was returned, and funeral services were held in the Mountainview Cemetery, October 25.

Sgt. W. Archie Whitely, son of Mrs. Elmina Whitely, Salt Lake City, died of Spanish influenza, at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, word being received of his death in Salt Lake City, October 6. He entered the service in January, 1918; was thirty-two years old, and leaves his wife, mother, and three small children.

Alvin George Peterson, of Gunnison, Utah, 24 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Niels Peterson, died about October 25, at Fort Logan, Colorado, of influenza. He enlisted October 1. He has two brothers in the service—Hyrum S., in France, and Oliver C., at Camp Lewis, Washington. His body was sent home for burial.

Marion Hatch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hatch, Salem, Utah, died at Camp Fremont, about the middle of September, from a complication of diseases due to operation for hernia. He was born in Salem about twenty years ago. Military honors were accorded the soldier at a funeral service in Salem, on September 16.

Wagoner Edwin M. Gray, of Elsinore, Utah, was killed in a railroad accident in France, July 3. He was born at Central, Sevier Co., Utah, October 30, 1892. He enlisted with the engineer corps, January 24, 1918, and had his training at Vancouver; was attached to the 318th engineer train and sailed for Europe May 6.

Harry Malone, son of John J. Malone, of Ogden, Utah, died at Camp Kearny, October 23, of influenza. He entered the service in July, and was with the 32d infantry. He was born in Ogden, October 3, 1898; was a graduate of the Ogden High School and a popular member of the orchestra. The body was brought to Ogden for burial.

Alfred Myer, of Salt Lake City, was killed on the field of honor in France, according to reports received in Salt Lake, September 18. He was twenty-two years of age when he entered the National Army at Bingham

September 19, 1917. From Camp Lewis he was assigned to the 58th infantry, and left for France May 8, of this year.

Joseph Ladd Damron, only son of Joseph W. Damron, Jr., and Mamie K. Damron, died at Fort Logan, Colorado, October 21, of Spanish influenza. He was born at Deseret, Utah, January 9, 1900, and enlisted July 28, 1918. His is the first death of a Deseret soldier. He was unmarried. Funeral services were held in Deseret, October 24.

Earnest McFarlane, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McFarlane, of Murray, Utah, died at Camp Lewis, Friday, July 19. He was a member of the 166th Depot Brigade, and was twenty-eight years old. He left Salt Lake for training April 11. He was born at Stockton, Utah. Besides his parents, he leaves three brothers and four sisters.

Nels Skeem, of Nephi, Utah, gave his life for his country's cause on the battlefields of France, July 18, 1918; joining the colors in 1917, he was sent to Camp Lewis, where he remained until September 19 of that year, when he was sent over seas. He was married August 2, 1917, and his wife, father and mother and one brother survive him.

James Ray Brighton, of the United States Marine Corps, died on a transport enroute overseas, according to word received October 1, by Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Brighton of Salt Lake City. He died from pneumonia, September 23, 1918. The body arrived in Salt Lake City, October 24, 1918, and funeral services were held October 27.

Moroni Kleinman, of the U. S. Marines, twenty-four years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moroni Kleinman of Toquerville, died in action in France, according to reports received Friday, July 19, 1918. Mr. Kleinman enlisted July 25, 1917. Appropriate memorial services were held in Toquerville, July 23.

Samuel Elmer Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Howard of Riverton, Utah, died in France of influenza, October 2, 1918. He was twenty-six years old and enlisted May 15, 1918, with the engineers, going first to Boulder, Colorado, then to Ft. Dodge, Iowa, then to New York. He had only been in France a few weeks at the time of his death.

Private W. E. Millerberg, son of Mrs. S. H. Lane, formerly of Salt Lake, now of Oakland, California, died at the League Island Naval hospital, Philadelphia, October 4, at the age of twenty-three years, of influenza. He enlisted in the Marine Corps in June, 1917; was sent to Mare Island, California, for training and thence transferred to League Island.

Eugene Pasini, of Salt Lake City, a member of the Aviation Service, died at Camp John Wise, San Antonio, October 17, 1918, of pneumonia. He had been in the camp five months; was a machinist, and had resided some time before his enlistment at Hamilton, Nevada. He was born in Italy; had lived nine years in Utah, and was twenty-seven years of age.

Charles A. Bacon, Magna, Utah, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Bacon, of Springville, was killed accidentally on the French front, September 13, in the motorcycle service; was 25 years old, born in Springville, an employee of the Utah Copper Co., enlisted, October, 1917, trained at Camp Lewis. His brother is also with the American Forces in France.

Daniel R. Mickelsen, son of Rasmus and Julia B. Mickelsen, Salt Lake City, wounded in France, August 24, died August 26, 1918. He had been in France about ten months; entered the army from Idaho Falls, May, 1917; was at the Mexican border, and a member of the 150th Machine Gun Battalion overseas. He was born in Salt Lake City, November 8, 1893.

Barney F. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Johnson, Shelley, Idaho, died at a training camp hospital near Washington, D. C., August 7, 1918. He was born June 7, 1901, and enlisted June 7, 1918, being just 17 years old. The body arrived in Shelley, October 13, and funeral services were held in the open at the residence of the parents on Tuesday, October 15.

Rural K. Doority, son of Mrs. Electa D. Doority, County Re-

corder of Beaver county, died at Beaver, Utah, October 24, of influenza. He was born in Kanosh, Utah, November 21, 1899. When little more than 18 years of age, he volunteered his services to his country, and was sent to Fort Logan, Colorado, returning from there on account of sickness.

Robert McLaughlin, formerly of the Salt Lake Fire Department, died in France, according to news received by friends in Salt Lake City, October 22. Mr. McLaughlin was twenty-five years of age, and enlisted in the aviation service last January being trained in Texas. He died of pneumonia.

Walter Zabriski, born in Provo 27 years ago, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alva M. Zabriski, died October 16, 1918, at Camp Logan, Texas, from pneumonia. On June 15 last he was inducted into special service and after a short term at the U. of U. was sent to Fort Leavenworth and from there to Camp Logan. He has a brother, Arnold, who is with the American forces in France.

Hugh Fackrell, of Blackfoot, Idaho, who enlisted in the Marine service, May, 1917, at Pocatello, with other Blackfoot volunteers, was killed in action in France, according to word received at Blackfoot, July 17. He went to Mare Island and was shortly afterward ordered to France. He was born at Orderville, Kane County, Utah, and was twenty-seven years of age.

Alexander Leland Brewer, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brewer, Ogden, Utah, died September 28, at the Great Lakes Naval Training hospital, near Chicago. He died of pneumonia developed after an attack of Spanish influenza. He was twenty-two years of age, and had been working in the shipyards of Philadelphia, and later at Chicago where he was on duty when he took sick.

Emmett Erickson, 27 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Erickson, of Salt Lake City, died at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, according to word received in Salt Lake City, October 25. He was born in San Pedro, Minn., came to Salt Lake City when two years of age, and has resided here since. On the 15th of October he left Salt Lake City to report for duty at Vancouver Barracks.

William L. Jacobs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Jacobs, died at the University of Utah Training Camp, Salt Lake City, October 14. He was born at Pleasant Grove, March 21, 1897; enlisted from Heber City, for the training camp, August 15. In addition to his parents, he is survived by two brothers and two sisters. One brother, Thomas, is with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

John Barnes, Jr., died at Ft. McHenry, Maryland, of pneumonia, according to word received at Heber, October 7. He was the son of John Barnes, Sr., and Janet Lindsay Barnes; born Scotland, December 3, 1900; came to Utah, 1910; enlisted in the mechanical motor car corps in Salt Lake, on the 1st of last August; was sent to Ft. Logan, Colorado, and from there to Baltimore.

Oreal D. Reader, son of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Reader of Brigham City, Utah, died October 3, at Hoboken, New Jersey, from influenza. He was on his way overseas and arrived at Hoboken October 17, the body was taken to Brigham City for burial. Mr. Reader was born at Brigham City, October 29, 1900, and enlisted June 24, having attended the Box Elder High School until then, for the past two years.

Corporal J. Earl Drown, Midvale, Utah, died of influenza, at Camp Jackson, Florida, October 20, 1918. He enlisted November, 1917, and went direct to Camp Jackson, having been there ever since. He was twenty-two years of age, and is survived by his parents Mr. and Mrs. David A. Drown, three brothers, and one sister. He was born at Midvale, Utah. Funeral services were held in Sandy, Utah, October 27.

Raymond Holmes, twenty-three years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Holmes, of North Ogden, Utah, died of wounds, in France, July 25. He was a member of I Company, 28th Infantry. He was a machinist by trade; was

first sent to Pocatello to work there in the shops; then to Camp Lewis; November 8, 1917, he passed through Ogden enroute for an Eastern camp, and went to France in the early part of this year.

Orville H. Larsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Larsen, of Brigham City, First ward, died about the middle of October, 1918, from influenza at San Diego, California. He was born at Brigham City, October 15, 1893. In June, 1918, he returned from a mission to Scandinavia where he had labored two years and eight months in the Aarhus conference. He volunteered, and was accepted in the navy, leaving for San Diego, July 19, 1918:

Corporal Eldredge Sunderland Coffin, died at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, of pneumonia, according to word received in Salt Lake City, Saturday, October 12. He was twenty-three years old, and a graduate of the East Side High School. He enlisted, July, 1917, with the Utah Battery; was sent to Camp Kearny, being transferred from the 145th Field Artillery to the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Taylor, and was in the last week of his training when he died.

H. H. Thomas, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Thomas, Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, died about the middle of October of pneumonia at the post hospital, Wichita Falls, Texas. He left for Washington, D. C., early in August and later was transferred to Texas; was twenty-five years old and was born in Ogden, where he spent most of his life. He is survived by his parents, his wife, his son and brother and sister. His body was brought home for burial.

Wallace Ipson, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Ipson, died of pneumonia while on duty as a United States soldier in France on September 25. He was among the first volunteers from Beaver, enlisting in the Marines, April, 1917. He went to San Francisco, thence to San Diego, and from there to Cuba. He was born in Beaver City, Utah, October 22, 1899; was a graduate of the district school, and a third-year high school student of the Murdock academy. His is the first death overseas from Beaver.

Corporal John W. Gillespie, 23 years of age, a member of the Marine Corps, a resident of Salt Lake City, died in the Naval hospital at Brooklyn, New York, October 16, of pneumonia. He is a son of Mrs. Mary Gillespie and a nephew of Patrolman Thomas Gillespie of the local police force. He was a graduate of the West High School, and an expert adding machine operator, in the employ of the Continental Life Insurance Company, when he enlisted in May, 1917. He was trained at Mare Island, California, and later sent East. The body was returned to Utah for burial.

James V. Jespersen, son of James P. and Emma J. Jespersen, and Iron county's first martyr to the cause of Liberty, was killed in action in France June 6. He was twenty-two years old on May 8, 1918; born in Arizona, and with his parents, who were refugees from Mexico, settled in Cedar City, Utah. He was a member of the first company that left Cedar City, July 28, 1917; was assigned to the Marine corps, and was one of the company of eight hundred who were thrown in to stem the Hun tide flowing through the breach they had made in the French lines in the battle of the Marne.

Captain Harold E. Lewis, twenty-four years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lewis, Salt Lake City, died in France of pneumonia, September 25. He was born in Salt Lake City, October 7, 1893; graduated from the West Side High School, in 1914, and entered the University of Utah as a member of the Engineering School. He served on the Mexican border; volunteered April 6, 1917, at Fort Douglas; was sent to the First Officers' Training Camp at Presidio, California; in May, 1917, commissioned a second lieutenant; transferred to the regular army, 19th Field Artillery, San Antonio, Texas; later to the 78th Field Artillery, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas; was promoted to first lieutenant, March 1, 1918; in May was sent to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, leaving early in July with the 78th Field Artillery for France; he was promoted to Captain and Battalion Adjutant, in September.

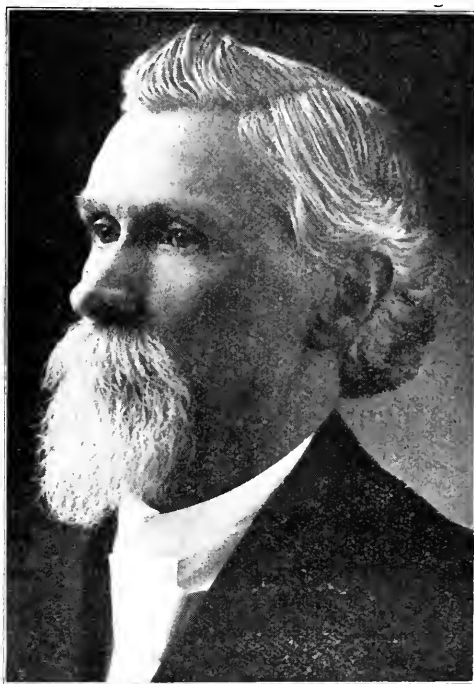
A Testimony

By Duncan McNeil McAllister

I have been associated with members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for nearly seventy years; for sixty years of that time I have been a member of that Church, consequently I have learned a good deal concerning its doctrines and the effects that the acceptance of those doctrines have had upon those who have faithfully adhered thereto.

I think that what I say concerning this Church and people should be accepted as truthful; it would be no personal advantage to me to declare anything else than the truth about those things. I cannot live much longer, and, when I depart, I desire to appear before the Great Judge of all as one who has made no false statements concerning the Gospel of our Redeemer.

And now, my dear brethren, sisters and friends, with a full realization of the importance and solemnity of this statement, realizing that I am and will be accountable before God for it, I declare without reservation that I have learned that the religion which the people of the world have nicknamed "Mor-



ELDER DUNCAN M. McALLISTER

Born Glasgow, Scotland, April 18, 1842; baptized October 25, 1857, in the river Clyde; served in *Millennial Star* office 1861-63; arrived in Salt Lake City, Oct. 22, 1863; filled a mission to Britain in 1887-9; and since 1893 recorder in the Salt Lake and St. George Temples.

monism" is in very deed the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, restored to the earth through a duly authorized servant of God, the Prophet Joseph Smith, through whom also the Holy Priesthood was restored, with authority to minister in all the ordinances of the Church of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit, imparted unto me through obedience to that Gospel, has illumined my soul, and I am thereby enabled to solemnly testify that I know this is the truth.

I have learned that this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is an exact counterpart of the Church the Savior established in the former days, when he sojourned on this earth. I am familiar with all that is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and have learned that the doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints conform to those scriptures in all respects, and their church organization is the same as that provided by the Great Head of the Church for the former-day Saints.

I have had unusual opportunities to become well acquainted with prominent men of this Church, men whose lives have been governed by its principles, and who have devoted themselves to advocating, as well as living in accordance with those principles, and I have learned that those men are God-fearing and righteous examples of all the best qualities that mankind possess, whose characteristics all of us would do well to emulate.

I have learned from "Mormonism" much that is satisfying concerning what are usually termed the mysteries of life—from whence we have come, why we are here and whither we are going—much that vitally affects our welfare here and hereafter, and makes clearly evident the obligations that devolve upon us to properly perform our part while sojourning here, and that will insure to us eternal life and progress hereafter.

I have learned that it does not pay to do otherwise than conform to the requirements of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, that misery results from breaking God's laws or failing to comply therewith, and that joy and peace follow learning and doing the will of God.

I have learned that there is more happiness and satisfaction in laboring to help others than in selfishly working always for our own benefit. Our elder Brother, our Lord and Redeemer, was the greatest exemplar of self-sacrifice for the good of all mankind that has ever lived on this earth; none other can manifest that divine attribute to equal extent. But it is possible for each individual to exercise it to the limit of his human ability and thereby earn the approval of God and his own conscience, which will impart satisfaction to the soul as recompense for help unselfishly rendered.

I have learned that in no direction, in which we may devote ourselves to unselfish labor for the good of others, is there greater joy realized than in performing the sacred work in God's Holy Temples for the salvation and redemption of the dead. That more nearly approaches the self-sacrificing work of the Messiah than anything else we can engage in; in fact, it is in the nature of assisting him to accomplish the great mission assigned to him by the Father—the redemption of all of the human family who can be saved.

I have learned that the greatest gift of God to man is the gift of the Holy Ghost, an incomparably priceless gift; its possession is the key to wisdom, light and knowledge of all truth, consequently to happiness and endless progression.

I have learned that there is a power and influence continuously striving to overcome that gift of the Holy Ghost, a power and influence always cunningly alert to prevent our acting upon the good, wise, truthful light imparted by the Divine Spirit, picturing the opposite as the most desirable, pleasure-giving course, too often succeeding in making us believe that error is the truth, that evil is the good.

Many other things I have learned, in addition to these, that have imparted to me absolute faith in God, in his Son, the Messiah, and in the Holy Ghost; and given me similar faith in the Holy Scriptures—the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price. I earnestly commend the study of these books above all others; they can greatly assist in “making us wise unto salvation.”

I devoutly wish that all mankind would seek for the faith that leads to obedience to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such obedience will assuredly give bodily health and peace of mind in this life, and open the pathway to eternal life and progress beyond the grave. To that end, let us unitedly petition the Throne of Grace:

O God, our heavenly Father, look in mercy on us, thy weak and erring children; forgive our sins we humbly pray; do not forsake us, but give us the help we need to always retain and be guided by that priceless gift, the Holy Spirit; in the name of thy beloved Son, our Redeemer, Jesus the Christ.—Amen.

Defeat

By D. W. Cummings

The figures of two men, in dejected posture, were outlined against the glow from the moonlit lake. Across the hard, shimmering expanse were massed the Alps,—blotches whose edges here and there broke into peaks that cut sharply into the pale light of the sky. It was midnight, cool and silent.

Presently, one of the men straightened up and drew out a watch. Holding it slantingly to the moon, he studied it for a moment and then said, with a sigh:

"We have talked half the night."

His words were English with a strong American accent.

"And reached—nowhere."

The reply also was in English, but the accent was Teutonic.

Moody silence followed. The two sat on a kind of mossy ledge and absently studied the water. The lake before them was Lake Lemán, and less than a mile to the left twinkled the lights in the suburbs of Geneva. Both men were young and athletic and of about the same height—easily six feet. They were dressed alike in tennis clothes, without coats or hats.

Suddenly, the second speaker planted both hands on the ledge behind him, raised his feet slightly, and then sprang upward and outward, turning nimbly on the rebound so that he faced his companion. There was marked decision in the movement, and in the words that followed:

"Yes, we have talked half the night. But half a year would not make me change my mind. The ambassador has released me from the secretaryship and I have my commission. I leave Switzerland tomorrow!"

"To fight—Belgium!"

The scorn in the words stung the German. His face flushed and hardened, and his tone was curt as he answered:

"I shall go where I am sent. Since I fight for the fatherland, the place does not matter. *Deutschland uber alles!*"

At the words, Grayson, the young American, thrilled, in spite of himself. He knew Carl Heilig to the heart and soul—knew him to be a man of keen conscience and passionate loyalty to his country. There was no arrogance in those words, *Deutschland uber alles!* They were spoken in the spirit of a devotee, repeating an incantation at a shrine. And in them was the rare, unselfish dedication of an ardent, high-minded man.

But the thrill gone, the words rankled and brought forth a deeply bitter retort:

"Über alles! Over friendship—humanity—everything!"

The German regarded him with a cold surprise:

"It is patriotism that I express, my friend. If it comes to a choice, how long should I consider friendship?"

The American gave no reply.

"You also mention humanity," persisted Heilig. "You have mentioned humanity several times tonight, in words that I do not like. And I tell you again, as I have told you before: That war is not personal. What my country has done in Belgium had to be done. And the men who did it had no personal aim and are not individually responsible. No more shall I be!"

The American shrugged his shoulders, as if to abandon the argument. Heilig regarded him wistfully, the hard look melting away and letting all that was fine and loveable in his character show in his face.

"Why do you bring friendship into this at all, Grayson?" he asked sadly.

"Because—God help me!—I can't keep it out!" answered the American, miserably. "Not even the years that bind us together—"

"They are many," said Carl, softly.

"Many and—precious. Ten, is it not? Ten years of study and travel and play! For those years, your life has been mine and mine has been yours. And yet—"

He paused, for the thing was hard to say. But he went on:

"Here it is straight, Carl. What your country has done in Belgium is damnable! I can't think of your taking active part in the hideous business—and still think of you as my friend!"

Heilig drew a long breath, but kept himself well in hand.

"Admit that it was—damnable, as you say. That fact can't change *me*. No matter how long this war shall last, or how much fighting I must do, I shall still be Carl Heilig!"

"Not even you, Carl, can murder—and not be a murderer!"

The German quivered. For some minutes he did not speak. When at last he began, his voice was grave, but very quiet:

"Your words make this the end, of course. I am sorry. You have been a wonderful friend and—ah, what a pity! Good-bye!"

Grayson looked up, startled. The end had come quickly, after all. He leaped to his feet and seized Heilig's hand:

"Don't go, Carl! Don't go!"

The German's eyes shone in the moonlight, but his voice was still steady, though infinitely sad, as he answered:

"I must! *Deutschland über alles*, you know. Good-bye!"

For an instant he paused, holding tight to Grayson's hand. Then, without further speech, he turned and was gone.

At noon the next day, a train and motor car flashed across the Swiss border up the Rhine valley, almost at the same instant. In the train rode Carl Heilig, in the motor car Van Grayson—and the goal of both was Belgium.

Germany was demanding men as killers—Belgium was pleading for them as healers. Heilig and Grayson, Prussian and American, each answered the call that he interpreted as duty.

Grayson was unaware of his friend's proximity. He was unaware, even, of the train's nearness, though he rode at an even pace with it. Driving by the trained motorist's instinct, he let his mind dwell gloomily on the parting that had taken place between him and his friend.

Not until the train stopped at a fair-sized station to take on a detachment of soldiers did Grayson give it notice. Then, his attention caught by this first sign of war, he drew up to the platform and watched the departure.

His first glance on the scene was hard and bitter, because in his heart surged a loathing for these gray-coated figures. For were they not Germans, kin to the beasts who had ravished Belgium? Carl, of course, had thus far been an exception, but how he hated these others! Beasts! Beasts! Be—

And yet—something in the scene—a something that softened him—what—oh, yes! How *human* they were! They laughed, they wept, they showed love and tenderness! And in the quavering moan of aged mothers, the full-throated sobs of maiden sweethearts, the vague, shrill cries of frightened children, Grayson, with all his bitterness, was forced to recognize a part of the great chorus of despair that was, at that moment, rising to Heaven from Europe's common humanity! Germans they were, yes, but human—oh, so pitifully weak and human in their grief and fear!

Grayson scanned the faces of the men. Some were stern, some were almost gay, some were twitching with emotion. But ferocious? None of them! Simple, kindly German farmers, that was all.

Impulsively, Grayson clasped his hand to his right side. A crumple of paper followed the movement. There was a letter there, a letter which, in the light of what he now beheld, seemed strangely difficult to understand.

It was written by Pierre Nevin, with whom he had studied at Paris, and who had later gone for special research work to Louvain. Pierre was a man who could not lie, and from the shelter of a Dutch internment camp he had written with flam-

ing vividness of German's bloody deeds. And yet, to believe Nevin was to doubt his own eyes, for it seemed absurd that these honest, benevolent Deutchers could be of a kidney with the Huns Pierre described.

Suddenly, there came the sharp commands of the trainmen and officers, the gray-coated figures swarmed to the train, wheels began to turn and soon the tracks by the station glared once more in the sun, and the platform was slowly cleared of all save a few stragglers.

Musingly, Grayson swung back into the road and onward, his mind baffled by the bewildering paradox.

As he drove on, at a quickening pace, the charm of the Rhine valley gripped him as it had done scores of times before. He forgot about the war in the rush of memories that flooded his mind—memories of wonderful student days.

Grayson had left an American preparatory school and had gone straight to Heidelberg where he met Carl. The American studied medicine, while his friend took the broad cultural course expected of a German aristocrat. Four years at Heidelberg, two at Vienna and four at Paris, the two friends remained inseparable.

They both had independent incomes and both spent their vacations where they pleased. The Rhine valley claimed them oftenest. They had motored and tramped and cycled through it dozens of times. They knew every village beer hall, every market place statue, every inn; and they knew, too, the cool retreats in the forest, the Rhine castles, and the lacy waterfalls.

And now, with every passing mile, came recollections of those days. They brought back to him the Germany he knew and loved—so different from that ghastly monster, now seen by the world through a mist of Belgian blood!

Again that amazing paradox!

Grayson crossed the Belgian border two days later, and stopped for dinner at a small inn. His table-mate was a German soldier, who was loquacious, and to whom the American listened with a kind of loathing interest. Jabbering aimlessly, the soldier led into the following narrative:

"War! Humph, how it changes one! You do things that, back there, in peace times, would have made your flesh creep—and they only seem to make you smile.

"Now, there was something happened to me last week—to show you what I mean. I was on duty near a small farm, and, about noon, went over to the house to get something to eat. There was no one home, except an old woman, who was just sitting down to sip a bowl of soup.

"I speak a little French. I told her what I wanted, and she

cursed me for a German pig, and would give me nothing. I argued with her for a moment and then I lost my temper.

"We were standing near the cellar, and the door was open. With one push of my arm I tumbled the old woman backwards, down the steps. She must have fallen fifteen feet. Then I picked up a chair and hurled it after her. That cooled me down, and I ate the soup and everything else I could find."

"And the old woman—did you kill her?" Grayson could hardly frame the question.

The soldier wiped his lips with the back of his hand, coolly shoved his chair away and arose.

"I did not stop to find out," he said, and swaggered out to the street.

Cold horror settled at Grayson's heart. There had been something in the athletic swing of the brute's body that had reminded him of Carl. Could Carl—

His mind refused the thought. Sick with disgust, he rose from the table—and came face to face with Fritz Witwe, a farm retainer on the Heilig estate, and just such a kindly old peasant as those he had seen depart on the train. Something in Witwe's face showed Van that he had heard the soldier's narration, but there was no look of repulsion on the German's face; only a haggard melancholy.

Anger seized the young American:

"Tell me!" he exclaimed roughly. "Are you all getting to be like that?"

"Almost," answered Witwe, miserably. "Those Prussians are the worst, but we other Germans learn fast."

"Well, what does it?"

"Do I know? First of all, of course it is the war. We kill so much that we grow hardened. But that does not explain the cruelty, does it?" He paused, then continued musingly, "I think it is our officers—and then, there is the hate, the black, deadly hate of these Belgians and French. We have wronged them. They loathe us. We feel it. It makes us despise ourselves—and then it makes us angry. We pile wrong upon wrong, and all the time it is our foolish, useless effort to drown our conscience in more and more blood!"

He lifted his haggard, sheep's eyes to Grayson:

"I have not done these things myself—yet. But—God have mercy—I may! I may!"

And so might Carl! From that moment the dread of discovering such a change in Heilig never left him. In all his work as a member of the American Relief Commission during the months that followed, he was haunted by the fear that he would

be compelled to fasten some of the responsibility for the brutality he encountered upon the head of his beloved friend.

One day, word came to the Commission headquarters that the people of a certain town in northern France were in particularly desperate straits. Their conquerors had requisitioned most of the food, and disease was adding to their privations. Grayson and several other workers were sent to the place with medical supplies and food.

For two days Grayson worked in the improvised hospital treating the sick and injured. He saw nothing of the town until the press of cases calling for attention slowed up, and he could free himself for a much-needed stroll.

Aimlessly wandering, he passed down a rather narrow street whose houses, in true French fashion, were built flush to the sidewalk. He had gone but a short distance when, as he passed before an open window, he heard the cry of a woman:

"Non, non, non! It is for my child!"

"Give it to me, I tell you!"

"Non! It is all I have! Please, please, do not take it!"

Grayson thrust his head into the window. On the other side of the room, his back turned, stood a huge German officer, and before him, facing the window, cowered a French woman, one arm clutching a baby to her breast, the other extended behind her, putting a bottle of milk as far out of the reach of the German as possible.

There were no more words between the two. With a curse, the German suddenly seized the baby, jerked it from its mother's arms and held it high—menacingly high—in the air. The movement brought his face toward the window.

"Carl!"

The anger on the German's face turned to stupefied surprise. Slowly his arm dropped till the child was within easy reach of the mother. In an agony of relief, she snatched it and fled the room. Heilig staggered back against a table and stared at Grayson, who slowly worked his way through the window into the room. Once fairly on his feet, he stopped, and the two men, who had not been together for more than a year, silently studied each other.

Heilig had a brutalized appearance. The athletic litheness of his powerful form had given way to a burly slump. His cheeks sagged, his mouth curled cruelly, and his eyes were heavy and bloodshot.

What Heilig saw was an erect, clean built figure, a thin, refined face, and eyes that were clear as sunlight—just such a man as he had been only a few months before.

Grayson spoke first:

"You would have killed that baby!"

"I—I might have." Heilig dropped his eyes, before Grayson's accusing look.

"You have killed—other babies?"

Heilig stirred protestingly:

"No, no! I'm pretty bad—and getting worse. But this is the nearest to—to that, I have come."

"Oh, Carl! How could you!"

The German clenched his hands, as though in pain. And then he repeated, sombrely, almost mechanically:

"Even you, Carl, can't murder—and not be a murderer!"

Caution followed swiftly upon the words. He walked first to the street door, then to the open window. Satisfied, he turned to Grayson with a harsh laugh:

"Men of my command might find treason in those words—and others that I want to say to you." He strode to the table, which was flanked by two chairs. "Sit down," he invited courteously, with a strange return of his old polish. The American obeyed, and the two sat facing each other. Heilig gazed at the American with intent longing:

"I am thinking the first decent thoughts that have come into my mind for weeks," he began, slowly. "And doubts, that I'd crushed out months ago, are coming back—doubts about my country in this war. Was she really driven into it? And is she fighting it as she ought?"

"The second day I landed in Belgium, I had to command a shooting squad. I had to line up ten hostages in a village we had taken and see that they were shot. It was duty—but it seemed to me altogether too much like murder.

"I spent a month in that village. And in that month I learned what a vast, overwhelming, hell-black hate there is now in this world for all things German. I would meet the natives on the street, and not one of them but appeared to know that it was I who had commanded that shooting squad. And though they dared not speak, and cowered before me, in their eyes I could see nothing but pure hate.

"Then I met men of other nations—the members of your Commission, for instance. And their silent scorn cut like a knife.

"Now, you can't be the object of hate for days and days without hating back. I felt that those Belgians had cause for despising us, but yet I despised them in turn. And when I was ordered to deal with them—to requisition supplies—to superintend deportations—I let more and more brutality creep into my acts, until now, all idea of fair play, of justice and pity seems utterly dead. As you see, I was about to murder a baby!"

The effect of his words was awful. Something in his manner,

the result of their meeting, undoubtedly, kept bringing vividly to Grayson's mind the Carl of his student days. And yet his words were fiendish. What a ghastly transformation!

"I don't understand!" breathed Grayson, shrinking back.

"I do!" sharply returned the other. "They've carefully prepared us for this. They kept telling us that we were a superior people and that we could and should force our kultur on the rest of the world. In peace times it was only a theory, and therefore made no great mark on us. We were a pretty decent sort—some of us—weren't we, Van?"

The pathetic manner of the question made Grayson drop his eyes to shut off the tears. Heilig went on:

"But now that the war is on, our training begins to show. Blood, and hate, and our desperate situation make us—devils!"

He checked himself—aghast.

"What an admission for a German to make!" he exclaimed involuntarily. And then, with a trace of defiance, he continued: "And yet—it is true!

"There is another side, of course, the view point which alone keeps a spark of nobility in us. The Fatherland is surrounded by enemies. All that we hold dear is in danger. And so, as loyal Prussians, we fight on, and will continue to fight on. For there is only one sustaining thought—we are going to win the war!"

He struck the table with his fist. Like an echo a thousand times magnified, there came a thunderous crash. Heilig leaped to his feet and gave the table a shove that sent Grayson spinning. The movement, well-calculated, threw the American beyond the reach of the falling wall, but the German was not so fortunate. He sank to the floor, crushed beneath a shower of plaster and stone.

Grayson had been hurled almost against the opposite wall. Bewildered he pulled himself up by the window sill and looked out. The little street was filled with people gazing upward, and Grayson, his mind clarified by the fresh air, understood at once from whence the bomb had come.

Heilig groaned. Grayson made his way through the dusty haze that filled the place and began hurriedly to remove the stones and plaster from the prostrate man.

A moment later the woman of the house, still clutching her child, darted across the room and vanished through the street door. Almost on her heels came Heilig's orderly, who, at Grayson's command, began helping to liberate his superior, obeying instructions with a bewildered servility.

Together the two quickly freed Heilig and gently carried him into the adjoining bedroom, which had remained undam-

aged. Grayson dispatched the orderly to the improvised hospital for dressings and an instrument case, while he himself examined his friend's injuries. They were many and serious. A terrible blow on the head which, it afterwards proved, left a blood clot there for several days, and a fractured spine, were the worst. The latter injury, Grayson instantly perceived, was fatal. To dress the cuts and bruises was all that lay in the physician's power.

For three days and nights, Grayson gave every hour that he could spare to the man who, by the years of their happy studenthood, and by one final act of unselfish heroism, was eternally bound to him under friendship's law. And during his long vigils, he grieved in a deep silent way, not so much that Death was approaching, but that it had not come sooner, to catch his friend's soul while it was still white and clean.

On the fourth night, Heilig lay staring at the ceiling, his eyes glittering strangely in the dull light of a small oil lamp. He had been unconscious but now he seemed to have recovered his mental powers. The few things he had said during the past three or four hours, showed that his mind was clear, though evidently under a terrible strain.

On an impulse, Grayson, who was alone with him in the room, arose and went to his bedside.

"Is there anything you want?" he asked in German.

"*Nein.*"

"Are you in pain?"

"*Nein.*"

"Is there anything you want to say?"

Heilig turned his head with some difficulty and looked at his friend unflinchingly:

"I am going to die—*nicht?*"

Lies at that moment seemed so utterly futile, and Grayson told him the truth.

"When?"

"Hours or days—I don't know," answered the American, reluctantly.

This time the injured man winced.

"God send it quickly!" he muttered, in a low tone of anguish. Grayson knew that paralysis had set in strongly, and that the torment was not physical. He waited for an explanation.

After several minutes of silence, Heilig spoke again:

"I have been delirious, haven't I?"

"Yes,"

"Have I much fever now?"

"No."

"Am I at all delirious?"

"You are quite clear-headed."

"Then—then why can't I throw off this hellish nightmare!" he burst out violently.

"Tell me what you mean," said Grayson, soothingly.

Heilig frowned in an effort to collect his thoughts and the words to express them. Then he began slowly:

"You remember, the explosion that wrecked the room followed instantly on my words: 'We are going to win the war!' Well, all through my delirium I have been fighting battles, leading my men through infernal struggles. Each time we seemed winning, when suddenly there would come a tremendous explosion, that would crush me down and leave me writhing helplessly, while there echoed in my mind with ghastly clearness, just one word:

"'Defeat! Defeat! Defeat!'

"I fight off the stupor that follows—rush back to the battlefield—through the air it seems, sometimes—and once more lead my men in the charge. And again and again, in the moment of victory, there comes that terrible burst of sound, that overpowering weight, and that piercingly clear warning:

"'Defeat!'"

Perspiration stood out on his brow—in his eyes lurked a terror he could not hide.

"I have no pain, and as for death—it has hacked around and over me too many times for me to fear it now! And yet, how I suffer! Clear-headed as I am—I know I am clear-headed—the horror of those nightmares still grips me! *I am afraid we will not win the war!*

"What an end—what a pitiful end to life! To have given everything—mind, heart, honor, yes, even my soul's salvation, for my country, and then to lie here, helpless, paralysed, with my mind twisted and racked by that tormenting doubt—and death just creeping, dragging itself to my relief!"

Tremors of emotion shook him, and he had no strength to check them. Only a new turn of his anguish could do that; for suddenly another thought struck his mind and that shocked him back to a terrified composure:

"Tell me! Tell me quick!" he gasped. "That word—defeat—it always seemed spoken in your tongue. It—has—?"

Grayson drew back, amazed at the startling coincidence. In a tone of wonderment, he answered slowly:

"Yes—yes. Even my land—America—is now against you!"

It was then Death struck. With one look of bitter hopelessness, Heilig slowly crumpled back upon the bed.

EDITORS' TABLE



Vision of the Redemption of the Dead

On the third of October, in the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, I sat in my room pondering over the Scriptures and reflecting upon the great atoning sacrifice that was made by the Son of God for the redemption of the world, and the great and wonderful love made manifest by the Father and the Son in the coming of the Redeemer into the world, that through his Atonement and by obedience to the principles of the gospel, mankind might be saved.

While I was thus engaged, my mind reverted to the writings of the Apostle Peter to the primitive saints scattered abroad throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, and other parts of Asia where the gospel had been preached after the crucifixion of the Lord. I opened the Bible and read the third and fourth chapters of the first epistle of Peter, and as I read I was greatly impressed, more than I had ever been before, with the following passages:

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit:

By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison;

Which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water. (1 Peter 3:18-20.)

For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit. (1 Peter 4:6.)

As I pondered over these things which are written, the eyes of my understanding were opened, and the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I saw the hosts of the dead, both small and great. And there were gathered together in one place an innumerable company of the spirits of the just, who had been faithful in the testimony of Jesus while they lived in mortality, and who had offered sacrifice in the similitude of the great sac-

rifice of the Son of God, and had suffered tribulation in their Redeemer's name. All these had departed the mortal life, firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection, through the grace of God the Father and his Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

I beheld that they were filled with joy and gladness, and were rejoicing together because the day of their deliverance was at hand. They were assembled awaiting the advent of the Son of God into the spirit world, to declare their redemption from the bands of death. Their sleeping dust was to be restored unto its perfect frame, bone to his bone, and the sinews and the flesh upon them, the spirit and the body to be united never again to be divided, that they might receive a fulness of joy.

While this vast multitude waited and conversed, rejoicing in the hour of their deliverance from the chains of death, the Son of God appeared, declaring liberty to the captives who had been faithful, and there he preached to them the everlasting gospel, the doctrine of the resurrection and the redemption of mankind from the fall, and from individual sins on conditions of repentance. But unto the wicked he did not go, and among the ungodly and the unrepentant who had defiled themselves while in the flesh, his voice was not raised, neither did the rebellious who rejected the testimonies and the warnings of the ancient prophets behold his presence, nor look upon his face. Where these were, darkness reigned, but among the righteous there was peace, and the saints rejoiced in their redemption, and bowed the knee and acknowledged the Son of God as their Redeemer and Deliverer from death and the chains of hell. Their countenances shone and the radiance from the presence of the Lord rested upon them and they sang praises unto his holy Name.

I marveled, for I understood that the Savior spent about three years in his ministry among the Jews and those of the house of Israel, endeavoring to teach them the everlasting gospel and call them unto repentance; and yet, notwithstanding his mighty works and miracles and proclamation of the truth in great power and authority, there were but few who hearkened to his voice and rejoiced in his presence and received salvation at his hands. But his ministry among those who were dead was

limited to the brief time intervening between the crucifixion and his resurrection; and I wondered at the words of Peter wherein he said that the Son of God preached unto the spirits in prison who sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, and how it was possible for him to preach to those spirits and perform the necessary labor among them in so short a time.

And as I wondered, my eyes were opened, and my understanding quickened, and I perceived that the Lord went not in person among the wicked and the disobedient who had rejected the truth, to teach them; but behold, from among the righteous he organized his forces and appointed messengers, clothed with power and authority, and commissioned them to go forth and carry the light of the gospel to them that were in darkness, even to all the spirits of men. And thus was the gospel preached to the dead. And the chosen messengers went forth to declare the acceptable day of the Lord, and proclaim liberty to the captives who were bound; even unto all who would repent of their sins and receive the gospel. Thus was the gospel preached to those who had died in their sins, without a knowledge of the truth, or in transgression, having rejected the prophets. These were taught faith in God, repentance from sin, vicarious baptism for the remission of sins, the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and all other principles of the gospel that were necessary for them to know in order to qualify themselves that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit.

And so it was made known among the dead, both small and great, the unrighteous as well as the faithful, that redemption had been wrought through the sacrifice of the Son of God upon the cross. Thus was it made known that our Redeemer spent his time during his sojourn in the world of spirits, instructing and preparing the faithful spirits of the prophets who had testified of him in the flesh, that they might carry the message of redemption unto all the dead unto whom he could not go personally because of their rebellion and transgression, that they through the ministration of his servants might also hear his words.

Among the great and mighty ones who were assembled in

this vast congregation of the righteous, were Father Adam, the Ancient of Days and father of all, and our glorious Mother Eve, with many of her faithful daughters who had lived through the ages and worshiped the true and living God. Abel, the first martyr, was there, and his brother Seth, one of the mighty ones, who was in the express image of his father Adam. Noah, who gave warning of the flood; Shem, the great High Priest; Abraham, the father of the faithful; Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, the great law-giver of Israel; Isaiah, who declared by prophecy that the Redeemer was anointed to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound, were also there.

Moreover, Ezekiel, who was shown in vision the great valley of dry bones which were to be clothed upon with flesh to come forth again in the resurrection of the dead, living souls; Daniel, who foresaw and foretold the establishment of the kingdom of God in the latter days, never again to be destroyed nor given to other people; Elias, who was with Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration, and Malachi, the prophet who testified of the coming of Elijah—of whom also Moroni spake to the Prophet Joseph Smith—declaring that he should come before the ushering in of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, were also there. The prophet Elijah was to plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to their fathers, foreshadowing the great work to be done in the temples of the Lord in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, for the redemption of the dead and the sealing of the children to their parents, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse and utterly wasted at his coming.

All these and many more, even the prophets who dwelt among the Nephites and testified of the coming of the Son of God, mingled in the vast assembly and waited for their deliverance, for the dead had looked upon the long absence of their spirits from their bodies as a bondage. These the Lord taught, and gave them power to come forth, after his resurrection from the dead, to enter into his Father's kingdom, there to be crowned with immortality and eternal life, and continue thenceforth their labors as had been promised by the Lord, and be partakers of all blessings which were held in reserve for them that love him.

The Prophet Joseph Smith, and my father, Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and other choice spirits, who were reserved to come forth in the fulness of times to take part in laying the foundations of the great Latter-day work, including the building of temples and the performance of ordinances therein for the redemption of the dead, were also in the spirit world. I observed that they were also among the noble and great ones who were chosen in the beginning to be rulers in the Church of God. Even before they were born, they, with many others, received their first lessons in the world of spirits, and were prepared to come forth in the due time of the Lord to labor in his vineyard for the salvation of the souls of men.

I beheld that the faithful elders of this dispensation, when they depart from mortal life, continue their labors in the preaching of the gospel of repentance and redemption, through the sacrifice of the Only Begotten Son of God, among those who are in darkness and under the bondage of sin in the great world of the spirits of the dead. The dead who repent will be redeemed, through obedience to the ordinances of the house of God, and after they have paid the penalty of their transgressions, and are washed clean, shall receive a reward according to their works, for they are heirs of salvation.

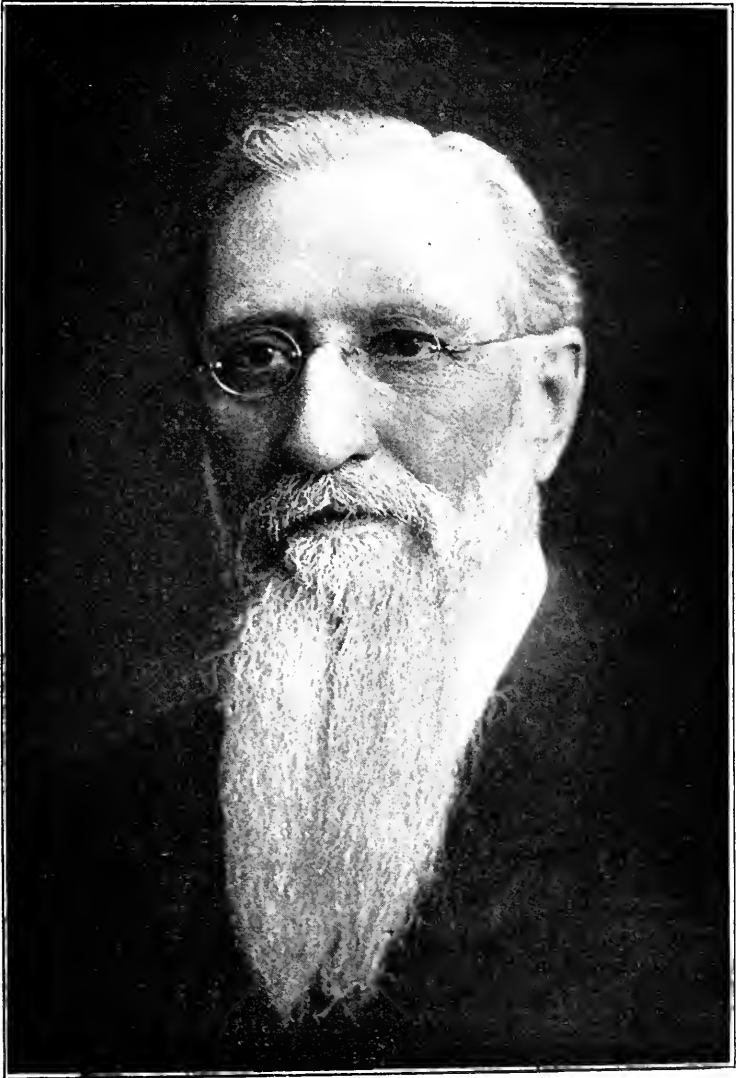
Thus was the vision of the redemption of the dead revealed to me, and I bear record, and I know that this record is true, through the blessing of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, even so. Amen.

Joseph F. Smith.

This *Vision of the Redemption of the Dead* was submitted, October 31, 1918, to the Counsellors in the First Presidency, the Council of the Twelve and the Patriarch, and by them unanimously accepted.

President Joseph F. Smith

The great and noble work of President Joseph F. Smith on earth is ended! Surrounded by members of his family, his active life peacefully closed on Tuesday morning at 4:50 o'clock, November 19, 1918, at his home, the Beehive House, Salt Lake City.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

**Born November 13, 1838, in Far West, Missouri; died November 19, 1918,
in Salt Lake City, Utah**

As this number of the *Era* was ready for the press at the time, we can, therefore, only make brief mention of our loss in this number. President Smith had been ill for several months, and last appeared in public at the October general conference of the Church when he received such spontaneous ovations from the people as indicated, more clearly than words, the deep appreciation with which the Latter-day Saints regard him.

He had just quietly celebrated his eightieth anniversary, having received heaps of congratulations and well-wishes, by letter, word, and wire, from friends in all parts of the world. Born at Far West, Missouri, November 13, 1838, he came to the world in the midst of mobs, persecution, and hardships—in the days that tried the hearts of men and women. His father, Hyrum Smith, the patriarch, about twelve days before Joseph was born, had been torn from his wife, Joseph's mother, Mary Fielding, by a mob, and sentenced with other leaders of the Church, to be shot. Through the intercession of General Doniphan, the wicked edict was recinded, but Hyrum still remained a prisoner when his wife gave birth to his son Joseph Fielding Smith. Joseph's mother was a native of England who, late in the '20's had followed her brother and sister, Joseph and Mercy Fielding, to Canada, where the family had been converted to the faith of the Latter-day Saints by Parley P. Pratt. She was married to Hyrum Smith, December, 1837, in Ohio. Hyrum's first wife, Jerusha Barden, had died previously, leaving five motherless children who were now cared for by the heroic Mary Fielding, who defended them against the mobbers when they invaded her cabin, and ravaged the fields and homesteads in the neighborhood. Under these trying conditions and many others that followed, Joseph was born, and it is no wonder that not only the mother, but her son also should hate mobs and tyranny, and love righteousness and liberty. It is no wonder that her son partook in his very nature of the independence, resourcefulness and initiative of his mother, and that some of the iron of the times should also enter into the soul of her child. All these hardships and conditions made him, later, one of the ablest, most lovable, as well as the most determined characters among a people noted for strong and devoted leaders.

Joseph F. Smith served the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints all his life, in almost every useful private and public capacity, rising round by round up the ladder of experience, as herdboy, pioneer, teacher, missionary, legislator, counselor, leader—always and ever making a record of large achievement. As a herdboy, he heroically saved his mother's cattle from being stolen by Indians, showing forth that determination and faithfulness to duty so true to him in every posi-

tion later assigned to him, in his long and useful career. At the age of ten, as a pioneer, he drove his mother's ox teams across the plains to the Valley, arriving September 23, 1848, and here joined in all the toil and hardships of colonizing the desert and developing its resources, digging sustenance from the unwilling earth. He received only that scant education then afforded, though it was richly supplemented by his faithful mother's teaching, for she was his principal tutor as long as she lived. When fifteen years of age, he was ordained an elder, and from 1854 to 1858 he served a four-year mission in the Sandwich Islands, supplemented later by many years of activity in the mission field in that country, England, and in other parts of the earth. As a teacher and public speaker he was forceful and effective, eloquent and convincing, and understood and expounded the doctrines of the gospel so clearly that no hearer could misunderstand. He was ordained an apostle, July 1, 1866, and became a member of the Council of Twelve, in October, 1867; from 1875 to 1877 he presided over the Davis stake of Zion. In October, 1880, he was chosen and sustained counselor to President John Taylor, and from that time continued as a counselor in the First Presidency, under Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow until he succeeded the latter as President of the Church, October 17, 1901, thus becoming the High Priest of our people over whom he presided in wisdom, cheer, kindness and with a gentle voice and hand for over seventeen years. Thus he reached the topmost round of official achievement in the Church which his father and the Prophet Joseph Smith died to establish. He served in the city council, as regent of the University, and during seven consecutive terms in the Territorial House of Representatives, 1865-1874, and in 1880 and 1882 sat in the Council, being the president during the session of 1882.

Helpful, sympathetic, thoughtful, courteous and loving, he was an ideal husband and father; a true and unshakeable friend, firm as the everlasting hills, yet tender as a little child. He was thoroughly imbued with a testimony of the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ and the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and lived accordingly, and in harmony with such testimony.

President Smith's administration was characterized by a steady growth of the people in both spiritual and temporal affairs, much of this growth and progress being stimulated by his leadership, forethought and consideration, and his ability to gather men about him who willingly co-operated with him for the advancement and progress of the Church, the State and the community. In both religion and business, he was staunch, firm, progressive—a leader beloved and respected by all.

In the various departments of the Church work, he was looked up to with similar love and respect, and every worker among his nearest associates fairly loved and admired him. As the editor of the *Improvement Era* and the *Juvenile Instructor*, he was a stimulating power, a fountain of wisdom to his associates. Had he devoted himself to literary work, his success in that line would have been quite as marked as in public discourse and leadership. His sermons breathe the true spirit of the gospel, are sound as gold in doctrine, and express the spirit of the Master in every word; gathered, classified, arranged and printed they will constitute a compendium of the doctrines of the Church that will stand as a safe guide for its members for generations to come.

He was very anxious for the welfare of the young people, and every good effort for their advancement was sanctioned and supported by him. Even in the midst of the cares, burdens, and anxieties of his active life weighing heavily upon him, he was never known to be too busy to give counsel, experience, testimony, helpful ideas, and to show sympathetic consideration, when called upon by workers or members of the Church. He always treated the writer as a life-long friend and companion, and it is one of the most pleasing experiences of his life, and the greatest honor, to have been called by him, his friend; the many hours spent in his presence are precious jewels of memory. He loved to write, and often expressed the wish that he could have more time to devote to the *Era*.

President Joseph F. Smith's death marks an epoch in the history of the Church. He was the last of the old school of veteran leaders who pioneered and founded our Commonwealth. We shall grievously miss him.

As a measure of prudence, in view of existing health conditions, the general authorities of the Church and representatives of the family decided it would be improper to hold public funeral services. Brief services only were therefore held Friday, November 22, 1918, at the time of interment, in the City Cemetery. Memorial services will be held later throughout the whole Church for the beloved leader. A.

Books

Surname Book and Racial History—A book that testifies at one and the same time of the magnitude of "God's great Latter-day work," and of the industry and devotion of the author, is the volume recently out of press entitled, *Surname Book and Racial History*, containing some 576 pages. Susa Young Gates is the compiler and editor, for the General Board of the Relief Society, with the approval of the Board of the Genealogical Society

of Utah. The book is broad in scope, scientific in treatment, and practicable in its applications to the problems of the Latter-day Saints. It treats of racial history in outline, personal names and the evolution of surnames, methods of deriving surnames in the several nations, addresses of genealogical societies and libraries, and an extensive alphabetical index of surnames found in the Church archives in the office of the Presiding Bishopric. Aside from and beyond the fact that this book is a tribute to the patience, indefatigable industry, scholarship, and devoted faith of the editor, it is to be hailed as a significant landmark in the development of the Church. The great American Prophet declared that the greatest work the Latter-day Saints have to do is to accomplish the salvation of the dead. This work is of such vital importance that the Lord sent a special messenger to inaugurate it, and himself gave instructions for the building of a special house of worship in which the necessary ordinances for the saving of the dead might be performed. The Saints have built eight temples, and laid the foundations of the ninth. Much work has already been done for the dead. But the doing of such work presupposes the tracing of ancestry, and the building of genealogical trees. The hearts of the children are to be turned to their fathers. Hitherto, however, we have depended entirely upon the labors of others for our own knowledge of genealogy—we, who should have the science of genealogy more fully developed than has any other people. Fortunately, the time has come to begin the building of our own structure. This new book opens an era of constructive study and contribution. It treats from the Gospel point of view a science fundamental to the duty of Latter-day Saints. It furnishes information that every Latter-day Saint not only should but must have. It gives instructions not to be found in other books on genealogy. It is a distinct contribution in its direct application to the greatest work the Latter-day Saints have to do. Written clearly, in an interesting style, and conceived in the spirit of service and constructive faith, this book will find a conspicuous place in the library of every member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Scientific Aspects of "Mormonism"—By Nels L. Nelson, Professor of English in the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, author of *Preaching and Public Speaking*, printed by the Hillison & Etten Company, Chicago, 1918. Price \$1.50. This is the second edition of a noted work, the first having appeared in 1904. Many will be pleased to know that the second edition is now on sale. The book is an attempt to look at the tenets of "Mormonism" from a scientific view point. It is primarily written to show that "Mormonism," as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is often erroneously called, is not a sect, but a religion, good, true and beautiful. Furthermore, that the religion which the Latter-day Saints teach is that of the Lord Jesus Christ, built upon the revelations of the word of God as contained in the Bible, and that it agrees besides with the true teachings of modern science. The book maintains that "Mormonism" not only agrees in doctrine with the holy scriptures, but that it squares with human life as interpreted in that newer revelation of God, the book of nature. The author discusses the subject from two aspects: Is "Mormonism" scriptural? Is "Mormonism" scientific? The philosophic aspect is dwelt upon at length, in an attempt to show that "Mormonism" answers satisfactorily the questions: Whence came man? Why is he here? Whither does he tend? at the same time, as the author expresses it in the preface, "making comparisons step by step with what modern scientific thought teaches along the same line." The arguments are both forceful and masterful; the illustrations, apt and convincing. The conclusions may not always agree with the Latter-day Saint reader, on one side, nor the scientific investigator on the other, but the book will hold the attention and interest of both, and set the thoughtful among them to further thinking.

Carita and How she Became a Patriotic American—By Lucy M. Blanchard, published by the Page Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Price \$1.50. This is a well written, delightful and interesting novel, particularly adapted to young people. The action is laid in Mexico, and the heroine is the daughter of an American business man who passes through some of the anxious days of the late Mexican revolution. The descriptions of scenes and social conditions in that land, are mildly and beautifully pictured. Aside from the attractive delineations of Mexican life, the book teaches a splendid patriotic lesson, forever a necessity, always in order, and especially valuable at the present time. The story is chiefly adapted to boys and girls of from 14 to 16 years of age, though people of maturer years will also enjoy it. The author, Mrs. Blanchard, is a well-known resident of Salt Lake City, who has had considerable experience in Mexico, and is therefore able to handle her subject, not only with personal interest, but correctly. If any criticism is to be expressed it is that the text is not as exciting as novels usually are; though perhaps this may be a virtue, rather than a fault.

Messages from the Missions

Elders Reduced from 120 to 12

Joseph S. Nelson, 10 Park Crescent, Otley Road, Bradford, August 30, 1918, writes: "This is a photo of a number of elders of the British mission,



taken last April, after the Leeds conference meetings. Elders, left to right: Lester F. Hewlett, conference president, Manchester; Ether L. Marley, clerk, Leeds; Joseph S. Nelson, conference president, Leeds; Leland Hair, now clerk at Sheffield; David A. Owen, now conference president at Sheffield, then at Blackburn, Liverpool conference; Hugh S. Latimer, then conference president, Sheffield, now at London. Due to the fact that no elders are arriving from Zion, we have only about a dozen elders laboring, of whom there are six in four conferences where previous to the war there were about 120. Nevertheless the work of the Lord is making progress. English and Scotch boys under military age have been called into the ministry in

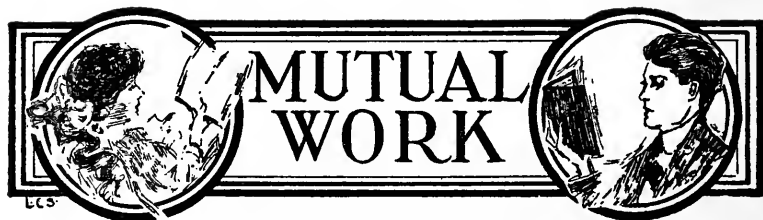
several cases. What few brothers of experience yet remain are laboring diligently. We are glad to report that in the case of this conference (Leeds) the number of baptisms for the first half of the year nearly equal the total of those for the whole of last year, 1917."

Elders Aided by Native Brethren

Elder Leon C. Higginbotham of Carterton, New Zealand, enclosing the photo herewith, says that the local brethren are pillars of strength in that district of the Church, who find joy in acquainting their friends with the facts concerning the restoration of the gospel. Many accepted the gospel years ago, and have strong testimonies to bear of its truthfulness. In our open air meetings these brethren often assist the elders from Zion. We meet with some opposition and prejudice, but this does not weaken us in the least, because we feel and know that the Lord is our helper. We have about thirty members in these parts and it strengthens our testimony to hear them earnestly bear their testimonies of the gospel. We have no chapels, but the Sabbath day finds us all gathered together in one or the other of the humble abodes of the Saints, where we hold various lively and spiritual



meetings. We gather much food for thought from the pages of the *Improvement Era*. It is a great factor in assisting in the spread of the gospel, and we look forward anxiously to its arrival. Elders, left to right, standing: L. C. Higginbotham, Salt Lake City; A. E. Box, Provo, Utah. Sitting: Wm. J. Fryer, Gladstone, Carterton, New Zealand; Henry Jensen, Waihakiki, Carterton, N. Z.; August Nelson, Carterton, New Zealand.



Starting the M. I. A. Work Again

The canvass for the *Improvement Era*, the campaign for the General Fund, the class work, and Mutual Improvement activities generally, have been greatly demoralized, and in many districts the work has been brought practically to a standstill, because of the ravages of Spanish influenza which caused state boards of health to close all public gatherings.

We fully appreciate these conditions but hope, however, now that the influenza is showing marked decrease in many of our districts, that Superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A. will urge upon officers the necessity of renewing work as soon as the health conditions will permit.

We especially ask that the canvass for the *Era* be taken up at the earliest moment, and prosecuted with vigor until the work is completed. The first two numbers of the new volume are now out and new subscribers may obtain these very interesting back numbers, if subscriptions are sent in soon. Much soliciting can be done without endangering the health of the community, and we ask that officers make a special effort to have the subscription lists forwarded promptly, so that all may secure the first numbers of the volume.

Whatever is possible in the matter of the collection of the General Fund, should also be attended to.

All manuals needed to carry on the class work should be ordered at once, so as to have them ready for use when the regular work of the associations begins and when the boards of health permit meetings to be held. All classes should begin with the first lessons.

We have great reason to rejoice in the prospects for permanent peace, and hope that there will be no necessity for any further depletion in the membership of our associations.

Stake Efficiency Reports

From the Box Elder, Jordan, Kanab, Pocatello, and a number of other stake superintendents we have received efficiency reports for October, who invariably explain that owing to the order of the state board of health closing all public gatherings, no reports have been received from the wards for October. Most of the stakes held the opening session on the 8th of October. Two days later, the order closing public assemblies was given, followed by instructions from the Church authorities closing all our gatherings. It is hoped that by the first of December, at least, all organizations will be permitted to resume their work. We trust that the reports for December will then be forthcoming promptly from every stake in Zion, by the first of January, 1919. If any stakes have any reports for November, they should be in hand by the 10th of December. We shall be pleased to hear monthly from every superintendent in the Church, whether he has a report of work done or not.

Activity Guide Salt Lake Stake

The Salt Lake Stake M. I. A. Activity Guide, for 1918-19, has been placed upon the editor's table of the *Era*. It is a neat 14-page vest-pocket edition, containing the M. I. A. slogans; the names of the Church officers of the stake; the superintendencies and the boards of the M. I. A.; the ward

president's and their addresses; the social and the activity committees; the names of the high council representatives; the General Board representative; the time of the stake officers' monthly meeting and of the monthly stake and ward officers' meeting; time of meeting in the wards; the reading course; M. I. A. activities; the dates for debates in three different groups, with the resolution for debate and reference; the competitive drama in three different groups, with dates; stake social; date of the try-outs for public speaking in the wards, the districts and the stake; declamations and Junior choruses; social work; scout notes; preliminary programs for each week of the season, as well as the monthly Sunday evening joint meeting programs. To thus prepare a guide for the officers and members of the associations is certainly an excellent practice, tending to efficiency, and we trust that many stakes will follow a like example.

How to Promote an Association

Secretary L. M. Hurd, of the Curlew Stake Y. M. M. I. A., Snowville, Utah, contributes the following ten constructive ways to build up a Mutual Improvement Association:

1. Attend all meetings on time.
2. No matter what kind of weather it is on the night of your meeting, attend anyway.
3. Find no fault with the officers or other members; let any criticism be before them, and constructive.
4. Always accept an office when asked, and do all in your power to better conditions.
5. When asked by the president or class leader to give your opinion regarding any important matter, give your opinion; but if it is not accepted, do not go around saying that things ought to have been done this or that way, finding fault with those who are your leaders.
6. Do your full duty. Roll up your sleeves, and be one of the number to push the work along.
7. Pay your dues to the association promptly.
8. Help to get all the new members you can.
9. If you are asked for a report of any kind, be prompt in giving or sending it.
10. Seek to be an assistant to your presiding officer in every way possible, thus doing your utmost to make the association a success.

A Faithful Mutual Worker

In June, 1918, Superintendent Joseph W. Smith, Snowflake stake, Arizona, was honorably released from acting as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that stake, after eighteen years of faithful service. Elder John H. Miller was sustained as superintendent to succeed him. Elder Smith has been faithful all these years in the performance of his duty in the organization, and the General Board have nothing but words of commendation and praise for his service in the past, with best wishes for his future success in whatever he may undertake. He is still with us in spirit and interest, and believes heartily in the efficacy of Mutual Improvement work. We wish the new superintendent a prosperous administration, full of good work and the satisfaction that comes from the Spirit of the Lord in the performance of it.

Value of First Aid

In the *Logan Journal* of September 2, 1918, is an account of how a child's life was saved by Scoutmaster William C. England. An infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Tarbet, twenty months of age, fell into a big canal. Scoutmaster William C. England's attention was attracted by an outcry

made by the little one's sister, a child of about eleven years, standing by the canal crying. Learning of the accident he jumped in and lifted out the little one who was floating face down in the canal. The child was breathless, pulseless, cold and apparently dead. Recalling the scout instructions for the resuscitation of the drowned, he applied the scout method; finally, signs of life became apparent, the child recovered, and was taken to the home of Mr. England's mother, where the work of resuscitation continued. When the doctor reached the spot, the little one was out of danger, except from after results, for which the doctor gave directions for restoring circulation and protecting the lungs.

Suggestive Preliminary Program

For December—The Mother

Declamation, "The Mother of a Soldier Never Cries." (See *Era* and *Journal*, November, 1918).

Address, "The Mothers of Defenders of Democracy."

"The Farmer Boy," *Improvement Era*, January, 1918.



British Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE PATH OF RETREAT OF THE "PEACEMAKER"

President Wilson's reply to Berlin's proposals for an armistice has received world-wide commendation. His refusal signified that he did not care to negotiate an armistice with that country whose armies continue to dishonor themselves by their acts of devastation, desolation and savagery. He turned the matter over to General Pershing and the Allies who will doubtless give Germany her just dues.

The photo gives a glimpse of a street of Sadi Carnot, Bethune, showing the mere skeletons of beautiful buildings that were once the pride of that prosperous and growing city.

PASSING EVENTS

The United War Work Campaign is to raise in the United States \$170,500,000 for service to the soldier boys. The campaign to raise Utah's quota—about \$400,000—began Nov. 11 and continued to the 18th. The funds will continue to be distributed by the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the K. of C., Jewish Welfare Board, War Camp Communities Service, American Library Association, and the Salvation Army.

The Fourth Liberty Loan.—Salt Lake City over-subscribed the Fourth Liberty Loan by \$902,450. There were 50,140 subscribers, and the total amount of subscriptions was \$11,115,150. The over subscribers numbered 12,940, and the over subscription \$902,450. In the nation, as near as could be ascertained November 1, there was a total subscription of \$6,866,416,300 from more than 21,000,000 subscribers, an oversubscription of \$866,416,300 which will be accepted and applied to reducing the size of the Fifth Loan, likely to be offered in the spring.

King Boris of Bulgaria, who ascended the Bulgarian throne on Oct. 8, 1918, after the abdication of King Ferdinand, abdicated the throne after one month's trial on the 2d of November, 1918. M. Stainbuliwsky was chosen the leader of the kingdom. For a long time he has been an Agrarian leader and had recently been released from prison, having been condemned to life imprisonment in 1915, when Bulgaria entered the war, he having openly criticized former King Ferdinand's war policies. King Ferdinand released the new leader just before he abdicated. M. Stainbuliwsky is now the leading man of the country, and if a republic is declared will undoubtedly be chosen president.

Nels Nelson died on Thursday, October 31, 1918, at a local hospital, Salt Lake City, of influenza-pneumonia. He was born in Sundsvall, Norland, Sweden, forty years ago, and is remembered by a large number of missionaries of the Church for his kindness and care of them during the many years that he was a member of the Church in his native land. He supplied the elders with headquarters and aided them in many other ways. Some three and a-half years ago, he emigrated to Salt Lake City, followed a year later by his wife and children. Being a tailor by trade, he was employed in that business since his coming to Salt Lake City. He was faithful to the end. His wife and four children survive him, and to these, the hearts and prayers of many missionaries will go out in sympathy.

Died in Service

Jared Dickson, son of Mr. Albert D. A. Dickson, of Morgan, Utah, died at Fort Logan, Colo., October 18, 1918, of influenza. He entered the service of our Country on October 4, was sent to Fort Logan for training, and was stricken with influenza shortly after reaching camp. The body was sent to his home and the funeral was held Friday, October 25. He was 20 years of age. His brother, Bert Dickson, stationed at Camp Lewis came home for the funeral of his brother. His brother Abel J. Dickson, one of the best known business men in Morgan county, an employee of the Morgan Canning Company, 36 years of age, died in Richville, of influenza, October 16, two days before the death of his brother Jared. He was a prominent Church worker, and a leading business man. He leaves four sons and a daughter in addition to his parents and his widow.

Privt. Charles J. Stewart, 23 years of age, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Stewart, Spanish Fork, Utah, is the first Spanish Fork soldier to make the supreme sacrifice in France. He died October 4, from wounds received on the battle front. He entered the service, April 28, 1918, was sent to Camp Lewis for training, later to Camp Merritt, and on July 6 sailed for France, being a member of the machine gun company. He has a brother in the service at Camp Kearny.

Corporal Roland Twelves, 145th Field Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orson Twelves, Provo, 5th ward, died October 14, in France, at one of the base hospitals, from pneumonia. He volunteered for service soon after the United States entered the war, and was placed in F Battery on his own request, that he might be with the Utah county boys. He left June 14 for France with his regiment, arriving in July. He was born in Provo, August 9, 1895. He has two brothers, Glen and Hallis, in military service, the former in New York, the latter in France.

Germany Surrenders to the Allies—The beaten German armies were granted an armistice by Marshal Foch on the early morning of November 11, 1918, and hostilities ceased at 11 o'clock a. m., Paris time, 6 o'clock Washington time, that morning. At exactly 11 o'clock, Paris time, the American army on the Sedan front fired thousands of American heavy guns, as a parting shot to the Germans. The armistice, solely dictated by the Allies, was signed by the German representatives on the midnight previous. The armistice is to last 30 days with option to extend, but President Wilson spoke of the war as "coming to an end," when, at 1 o'clock on the 11th of November, he presented the terms of the armistice to the Senate of the United States. He gave as a reason for his statement that the terms herald the end of the war, that, having accepted them, it will be impossible for the German command to renew the war. Some of the terms were:

The evacuation of all invaded territories, the withdrawal of the German troops from the left bank of the Rhine and the surrender of all supplies of war.

The abandonment by Germany of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk.

The surrender of 160 submarines, 50 destroyers, six battle cruisers, 10 battleships, eight light cruisers and other miscellaneous ships.

Surrender of all Allied vessels in German hands, and Germany is to notify neutrals that they are free to trade at once on the seas with the Allied countries.

Restitution for damage done by the German armies; restitution of the cash taken from the national bank of Belgium and return of gold taken from Russia and Rumania.

Surrender of 5,000 guns, half field and half light artillery; 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 flame-throwers and 2,000 airplanes.

The surrender of 5,000 locomotives, 50,000 wagons, 10,000 motor lorries, the railways of Alsace-Lorraine for use by the Allies and stores of coal and iron also are included.

The right bank of the Rhineland, that occupied by the Allies, is to become a neutral zone and the bank held by the Germans is to be evacuated in 19 days.

The Allied forces are to have access to the evacuated territory either through Dantzic or by the river Vistula.

Unconditional capitulation of all German forces in East Africa within one month.

The immediate repatriation of all Allied and American prisoners without reciprocal action by the Allies.

In connection with the evacuation of the east bank of the Rhine it is provided that the Allies shall hold the crossings of the river at Coblenz,

Cologne and Mayence, together with bridgeheads in a 30-kilometer radius.

German troops are to retire at once from any territory held by Russia, Rumania and Turkey before the war.

Kaiser Wilhelm II as well as the crown prince have abdicated, signing their renunciation to the throne, Saturday morning, November 9. The Kaiser fled to Holland where he, his wife, and eldest son sought refuge. Many of the parts of the empire, particularly on the north, were in the hands of revolutionists and a number of the kings and archdukes had either abdicated or were dethroned. Many naval and army units mutinied or revolted, and joined the revolutionists. America achieved all her war objectives in the terms imposed on Germany, whose masters of military autocracy driven to exile, have subscribed to terms of surrender the most drastic and complete ever measured out to a defeated foe. It will insure the destruction of a military caste, a malicious power which once could secretly, of its own choice, disturb the peace of the world, and which brought on this greatest war in history.

The Associated Press gives the following brief outline of the war:

"It was late in June, 1914, that the world was stirred by the murder in Sarajevo, Bosnia, of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Austrian heir-apparent, and his wife. Austria, backed by Germany, accused Serbia of instigating the crime and made demands which Serbia accepted in part. Austria would not agree to arbitrate the demands not accepted by Serbia and the foreign offices in London, Paris and Petrograd failed to swerve Austria from her course.

"Austria-Hungary began hostilities on July 27, 1914, by attacking Serbia, and within a week Germany had joined her, while France, Great Britain and Russia had thrown their forces against Germany and Austria. As the war went on the number of nations involved increased until the conflict became the greatest in the history of the world.

"Declaring war on France, Germany, on August 1, 1914, threw her armies toward France by way of Belgium. Fighting for the maintenance of their neutrality, the Belgians checked the oncoming horde for a time, but within two months the Prussian armies were within a few miles of Paris, from which the French government had fled.

"One of the vital moments of the war had arrived. In a battle of dramatic changes, the enemy hordes were hurled back to north of the Marne.

"Turkey soon entered the war on the side of Germany and Italy joined the Allies. Bulgaria came in with Germany, and Serbia and Montenegro were overrun. On April 6, 1917, the United States, unable to force Germany by peaceful means to conduct her ruthless submarine warfare in keeping with international law, threw her forces into the struggle.

"At that time the imperial government of Russia had been overthrown and a provisional democratic government instituted. In Italy, the armies of King Victor Emmanuel were driving back the Austrians in the Trentino and on the Isonzo. In France, the French and British were hammering at the German lines with little apparent results.

"The autumn of 1917 witnessed the defeat of the Italian armies and their retreat to the Piave line. Almost simultaneously American troops appeared on the western front for the first time, while the French and British armies were holding positions of strategic importance from the North Sea to Switzerland. During the winter of 1917-1918 American aid became more effective and Russia dropped out because of the Bolsheviki coup.

"Germany, at the beginning of 1918, announced her purpose to end the war by an offensive in France. It was her last mighty effort, and for weeks the world wondered when the enemy hordes would be stopped. The turn in the fighting came on July 18 when Marshal Foch launched the Americans and French in an attack. Since that fateful day for Germany, the Allied armies on all fronts have met with continued success.

"Germany's ultimate defeat became more certain as the summer advanced. The first break in the ranks of the Central Powers came with the defection of Bulgaria late in September. King Ferdinand abdicated Oct. 4. Turkey signed armistice terms the last of October and Austria-Hungary tendered the white flag to Italy on November 4, when hostilities ceased on all the Austrian fronts."

Germany then attempted to bring about a negotiated peace, but that this was a complete failure, was shown by the fact that Germany's emissaries at the headquarters of Marshal Foch signed the terms of an armistice which let us hope, shall end the world's greatest tragedy.

As the news of the armistice was received, the cities of the United States went riotous in celebrating the event, and Utah, Idaho, and the West generally were not a whit behind the foremost in this respect.

On the day hostilities ceased, the American army had reached a total strength of 3,764,677 men of which number 2,200,000 had been sent to France, Italy or Russia, the remainder being under arms in camps in this country.

The war, the greatest in history, lasted 1,567 days and virtually convulsed the whole civilized world. It has cost at the lowest estimate ten million lives, and countless treasure. It has opened the way for the rule of the people instead of the rule of kings and kaisers. Of the Teutons, William Hohenzollern II of Germany is a fugitive in Holland; Charles I of Austria has been stripped of power, his empire shattered; Mohammed V of Turkey is said to be slain by the hand of an assassin; Ferdinand of Bulgaria has fled from his country. On the last day, General Pershing's men attacked over a front of seventy-one miles from the Meuse southeastward into Lorraine, gaining an average of two or three miles and approaching within ten miles of Metz. It was probably the last drive to be recorded in the war.

From October 24 to November 4 the Italians took 500,000 prisoners, including over ten thousand officers. They also captured 6,815 guns and 250,000 horses. The British had reached the general line of the Franco-Belgian frontier, and the Canadians captured Mons as their final act. Since the offensive of the Allies began at Chateau-Thierry July 15, the Allied armies captured 362,355 men up to Nov. 3, including 7,990 officers as well as 6,217 cannon, 38,622 machine guns, and 3,907 mine throwers.

On November 17, General Pershing's forces moved on to Metz and Sedan taking every precaution, as if facing the enemy, against treachery or hidden assault, and in such order as might quickly be transformed into battle array. The great work of reconstruction both in Europe and America must now begin.

The 91st in Action

Calvin S. Smith, Chaplain-at-Large of the 91st Division A. P. O. 776, France, informs the *Era*, in a communication dated in October, in France, that he will be pleased to furnish relatives or friends of men in his division with any information he can get concerning them.

He states further, "Our Division has been in action, some of our men have been killed, and many are injured. Our Division did some wonderful fighting."

Our boys are thus making good wherever they appear. Many Utah and Idaho boys are in this division, who went to Camp Lewis, Washington, for training with the first draft.

Improvement Era, December, 1918

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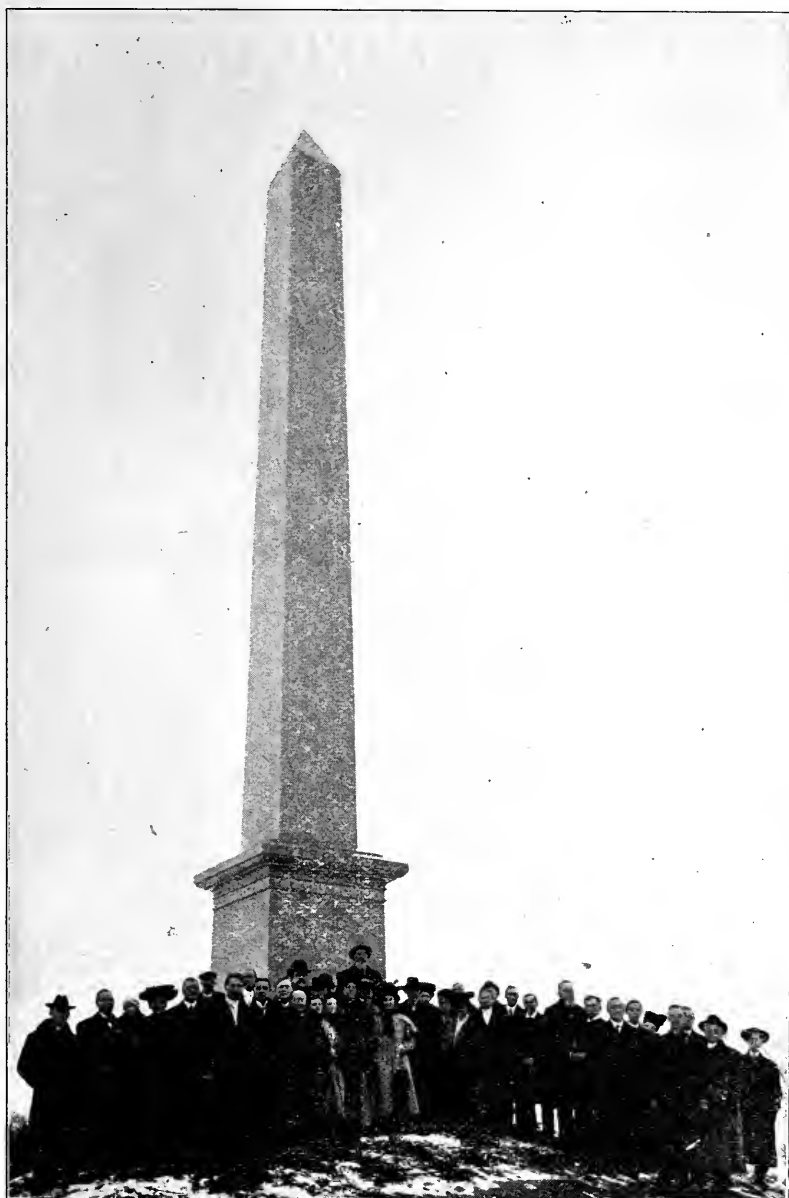
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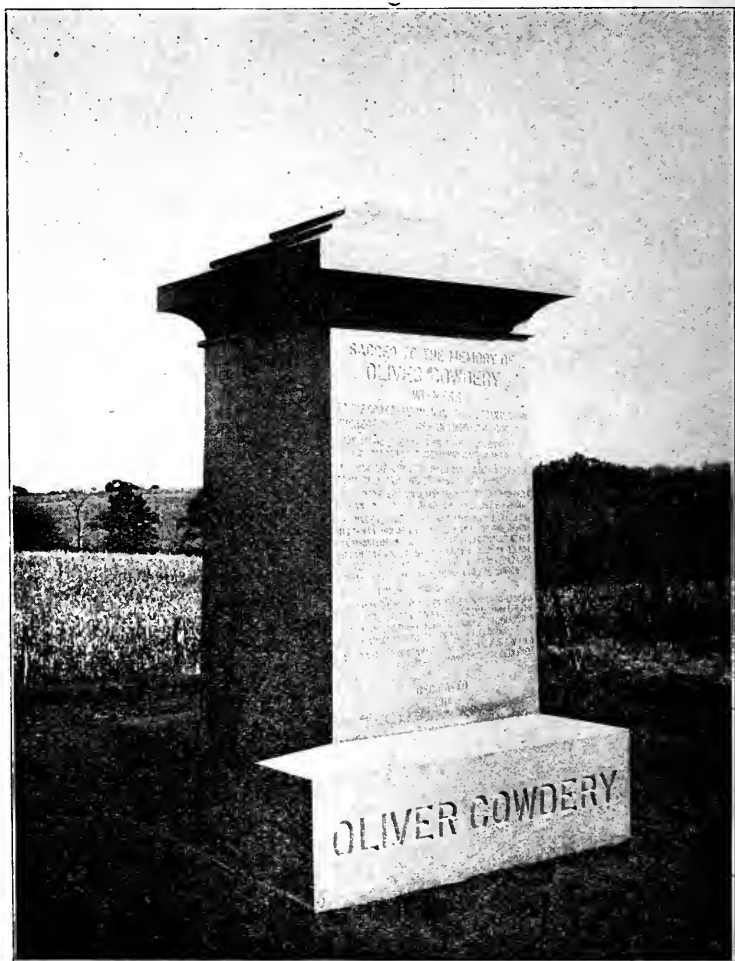
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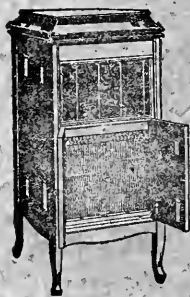
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